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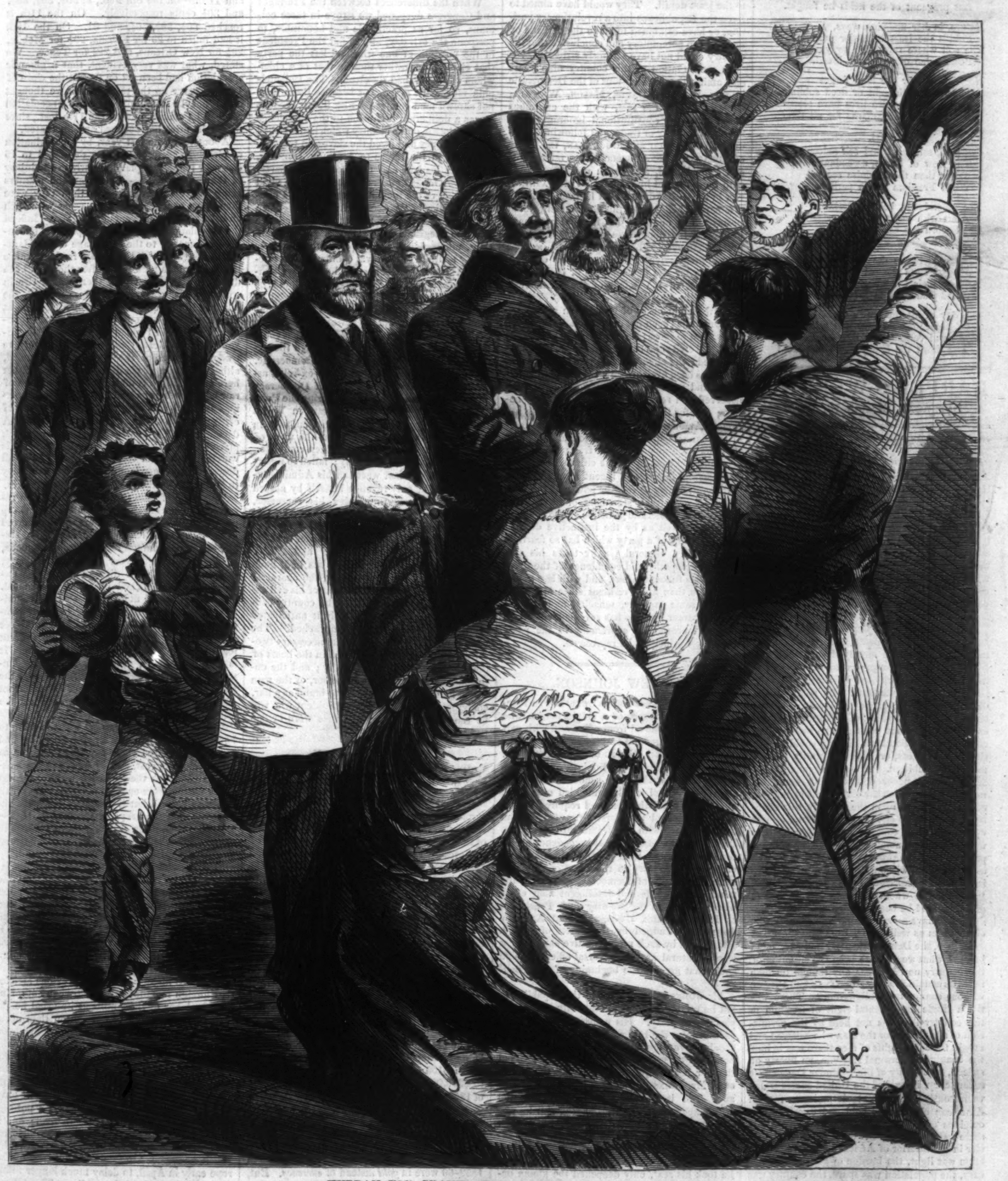


HURRAH FOR GRANT!—[DRAWN BY W. S. L. JEWETT.]

THE FIRST OF ALL THE LAND.

I.

UP to the outraged seats of power
He comes, the first of all the land,
Unmoved as in the battle-hour,
A people's favor in his hand,

To whom but unto him belong
Welcomes to the Deliverer's place?
It was his sword annulled the wrong,
And re-ennobled half a race.

His sword was in his greatest hour
To angry States the wand of peace,
And, loyal to his silent power,
The echoes of rebellion cease.

And Fame to land and age afar
Shall glorify him doubly great—
Unbaffled soldier of the war,
Untroubled ruler in the state.

II.

Oh, land, to high occasion true!
The instinct of thy people brought
Their trust to him whose words were few,
But pregnant of the fields he fought.

Nature, in her unerring ways,
Fulfills the least or larger need;
The soil where revolution sways
Bears some of an heroic breed.

Nor lightly may the land forget
The men of thought or deed sublime,
Whose grand, decisive lives have set
Her luminous landmarks for all time.

III.

Oh, land, self-ruled and self-redeemed,
The Bow of Peace, ascendant now,
Is fairer than the Promise seemed
When Freedom was a perilous vow.

For other lands, beholding thee,
Alert with purer vigor, rise,
Shall scorn the ancient heresy
That Truth or Freedom ever dies.

Dissevered States the bond renew,
Purged from the old offense and shame,
And, to their last allegiance true,
Stand phalanxed in sweet Freedom's name.

Oh, day of all the land's desire!
Of night-long promise and release!
Night and eclipse with thee expire,
And dawn the happy years of peace!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1869.

PRESIDENT GRANT.

AFTER the lamentable interregnum of Mr. JOHNSON, which we elsewhere consider, General GRANT succeeds to the Presidency. He is elected by the same faith, but a hundred-fold stronger, that elected Mr. LINCOLN, and which, by a two-thirds majority in Congress, has steadily baffled the designs of the Executive since Mr. LINCOLN's death. Heavily taxed, the country is yet prosperous and rich in industry and energy and hope, and feels that with the retirement of Mr. JOHNSON a horrible incubus is lifted, and that the course before it is so far cleared.

Eight years ago the Republican party came into power. Its opponents, under the name of the Democracy, were merely the vast and unscrupulous political organization of an aristocracy. The party was led by the great slave lords and their lieutenants. Its policy was a defense and maintenance of slavery. It was strictly a Southern party, with Northern adherents and allies; but no man who was not acceptable to the Southern mastery could rise to the highest posts, or hope to gratify even a moderate ambition. A more shameful subserviency was never demanded or honorable men than that which the slave lords of the Democracy imposed upon the party in this country. Eight years ago there had been a protest upon the part of some of the party, and there were two tickets nominated. But the political philosophy of the protesting candidate, as well as his practical wisdom, humanity, and patriotism, were all expressed in his famous phrase, "I don't care whether slavery is voted up or down." Had he been successful, he would undoubtedly have served the purpose of those who elected him as well as Mr. BRECKINRIDGE.

If, then, the Democratic party had succeeded in 1860, what would have been the situation of this country now? Does any thoughtful man recall its condition under BUCHANAN and PIERCE without shame and indignation? There was not a single fundamental right of freedom in this country that was not held by the permission of slavery. For the man who believed and taught the equal rights of men there was in half the country no personal freedom, no liberty of speech, no security of life. Under Democratic ascendency, in half of the United States which vociferously sneered at despotisms, for an American citizen who held and expressed the opinions of Christian civilization every where there was no more protection than for the traveler in the interior of Africa. Meanwhile taxation was light, the burden of government was easy, the population was spare, the country was large, industry was active, and prosperity was great. War was a tradition. The word "union" was a spell by which the basest politicians conjured. To be a "Union saver" was to be a man willing to save the Union by the sacrifice of every thing that the Union was designed to secure. "The Union," interpreted by the Democracy, meant merely the supremacy of slavery.

But the real masters of the Democratic party, who lustily shouted "Union," were disunionists. They were willing to endure Union so long as they could control it. They knew, what none of their Northern lieutenants perceived, that their prolonged dominance was impossible; and when they saw that the Fugitive Slave law, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the assault upon Kansas, and the Dred Scott decision, which were the last great Democratic measures, had not only awakened the conscience of the country, but that its self-interest felt the blighting hand of slavery, they foresaw the end and broke up the Charleston Convention. But if Mr. DOUGLAS had been elected they would have gained four years in which to perfect their plan to the least detail. They would have aimed to force the Republicans into a revolutionary position, or have combined to make the demand of secession so peremptory and conclusive that the country could not have seriously struggled.

In the situation of this country nine years ago, amidst the machinations of the Democratic leaders, SLIDELL, DAVIS, MASON, WIGFALL, BENJAMIN, and the rest, with the enormous moral lethargy, constitutional ignorance, and universal timidity of trade, and following Presidents like PIERCE and BUCHANAN, the figure of ABRAHAM LINCOLN seems no less remarkable and Providential, and much more contrasted with those around him, than that of WASHINGTON in the earlier day. Had he been defeated, it is hard to believe that this Government would to-day exist; and if it did, it could only have been with the dominance of slavery more supreme than ever. There was, indeed, no hope for the progressive civilization of this country, and none for the development of liberty elsewhere, but in the defeat of the Democratic party.

In the eight years of Republican supremacy the Union has been not only saved, but restored to its great purpose; slavery has been abolished; the equal civil rights of all citizens have been established; the oligarchy that ruled the Government has been overthrown; the admiration, respect, and confidence of the world have been deserved and rendered as they never were before; and for the first time since we were a nation an American citizen, while fully conscious of the dangers that still threaten us, may feel that the necessary idea of a free popular government, the equality of the citizen, is now the fundamental law. The recent attempt of the Democratic party to recover power was defeated by its own frank statement of its hostility both to the Democratic principle and to common honesty, as well as by the instinctive distrust of the country of a party which has so fearfully betrayed it. General GRANT takes his seat with the sympathy and confidence of the great mass of his fellow-citizens, and with less actual opposition than any President since MONROE; and the same sagacity, tenacity, and honesty that his career hitherto has revealed will give a long and prosperous supremacy to the party whose best principles he represents.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

ANDREW JOHNSON retires from the Presidency without the regret of a single person who does not fear removal from office and with certainly as little general respect as attended the retirement of Mr. PIERCE or MR. BUCHANAN. They were all, indeed, politicians of the same school, and that the worst school in American politics—a school which demanded moral and intellectual sophistication, and required its followers to defend the worst form of despotism as harmonious with the Democratic principle. It is a school whose political ascendency in this country for more than a generation not only brought the country to the verge of ruin, but made the name of Democracy odious in the mind of honorable and intelligent men every where. It gave the country such Presidents as POLK, PIERCE, BUCHANAN, and ANDREW JOHNSON. Judged by the tenets of such a school, and by such representative chiefs, what was so natural as the universal official foreign sneer that greeted the beginning of the rebellion?

Mr. JOHNSON was elected by the Republicans, but he was never in sympathy with the principles of the party. His nomination was a departure from the rule which political managers should never forget, to trust in emergencies none but those who are beyond doubt. Had the war been a question of saving the Union only, Mr. JOHNSON was as good a candidate as any. But it was a question of saving the Union upon Republican principles, and he was therefore as bad a candidate as could have been selected. The melancholy spectacle of his inauguration was full of foreboding. The black shadows of murderous conspiracy amidst which he took his seat, only deepened the gloom occasioned by his verbose threats of rigor, and the conviction of his dullness and narrowness grew with every speech he made.

In the first development of his policy he claimed to follow the precedent of Mr. LINCOLN. But Mr. LINCOLN had no Procustean policy; and it was possible for Mr. JOHNSON neither to comprehend the character nor to assume what is granted to so few men, the exquisite good sense and sagacity of his predecessor. Among the most melancholy displays of this melancholy Administration have been the reiterations of Senators DIXON and DOOLITTLE that to blame Mr. JOHNSON was to blame Mr. LINCOLN. Whenever that assertion was repeated a profound sense of the hoplessness of debate must have fallen upon the Senate. It is not easy to imagine two men more radically and absolutely different in character, temperament, wisdom, and political principle; and the man who could gravely defend Mr. JOHNSON's veto of the Civil Rights Bill, for instance, because Mr. LINCOLN wanted to recognize a certain government in Arkansas, might amuse and exasperate, but he could not persuade nor win respect.

When the differences between the President and Congress deepened we strove in these columns, so far as practicable and honorable, to postpone the evil day, and to put the President in the position of one who had left the party that elected him rather than in that of a chief whom the party had deserted. The Philadelphia movement failed, not because there were not shrewd men connected with it, but because it was a deliberate invitation to the conscience and patriotism of the country which had lavished life and money and freed the slaves, to trust every thing in the future to ANDREW JOHNSON, the rebel leaders and the Democratic party. The New Orleans massacre was merely a vivid illustration of the inevitable result of the Philadelphia policy of "peace and fraternity." Then the desperate struggle between the Executive and the Legislative power was joined; and then, unquestionably, except for the perfectly steady attitude of the loyal country at the elections ANDREW JOHNSON would have shown himself as daring as he was dogged. Could he have had his way all that was really gained by the war would have been as far as possible surrendered. He meant to betray and abandon the Freedmen, and the *World* admits that could they have been kept from the suffrage the ex-rebel States would have been Democratic. With those States restored under ex-rebel ascendency allied with the kind of Democracy that was revealed in the *World* during the Presidential campaign, and which saw in WADE HAMPTON a typical American citizen, and in General LEE a grand old soldier, the work of ANDREW JOHNSON would have been complete.

He failed, and failed utterly; failed so miserably that, in the last weeks of his Administration, he could only revenge himself by absurd attempts wantonly to perplex his successor. He nominated to the Senate for consul to Havana a soldier who was conspicuously the enemy of General GRANT, and for minister to Chili, General GRANT's brother-in-law and friend. Mr. JOHNSON's Administration has had, however, the good result of proving the character of the people. At every moment of his evil career it has been evident that the country condemned him; and undoubtedly it anticipated his removal when he was impeached. The verdict against him failed of the necessary two-thirds vote, but it was recorded in the heart of the people as it will be in history; and the enthusiastic election, as his successor, of the man whom he had sought publicly to brand as a liar, contemptuously dismissed a President who will be remembered for not one wise word or one truly honorable action.

TRADE—THE PRESENT SITUATION.

THE period when the spring trade is about to assume its highest activity is one of great interest, as it involves always an examination as well of the preceding years' trade and industry as of the present state of things. Importers of all descriptions of goods have now their stocks opened and ready for sale at the sea-board, in excess somewhat at this port of the quantity last year. Purchasers from all parts of the Union have reached and are moving toward the Atlantic cities; the questions being carefully considered, Will prices be lower or higher? What quantity will consumption require?

The change of most importance which the results of last year's industry has produced is the improved condition of the whole Southern country. The South has less food to buy, and is receiving more for its cotton than for many years past.

The Macon *Telegraph* estimates the crop now being marketed at 2,500,000 bales, and as being worth $100 a bale, amounting in the aggregate to $250,000,000, or as much, it says, as the crop of 1859-60, "the largest crop ever raised." The crop of 1859-60 "approximated to 5,000,000 bales, realizing, at $50 a bale, $250,000,000."

There is an important error in this estimate of the value of the present year's crop as compared with that of 1859-60. The proceeds in 1859-60 were in *gold* instead of *currency*. But, allowing for this difference, it will appear that an enormous sum will be divided among cotton-planters without the disadvantage of being obliged to use it largely for food. The universal production of corn and wheat in the Southern States is due to the lessons taught by the war, and will be of immense benefit to that region of country and to the whole Union.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Southern States, which last year were in no condition to buy from us extensively—their cotton produced not much over half of what it will this year—are now in a situation to supply themselves with foreign and domestic manufactures. Much cotton will be exported to foreign parts directly from Southern ports, and, as a consequence of it, foreign goods will be imported direct by the South; but a much larger trade will be enjoyed by the North with this quarter than has taken place in any year since the war. Money there is said to be in more general circulation than it has lately been, and a feeling of strength has succeeded to that of depression.

In our last issue we stated the price of middling cotton—of Florida, Mobile, New Orleans, and Texas—on the 8th Feb., at 30¼, 30¼, 30½, and 30¾ cents respectively. On the 11th it reached 30½, 30½, 30¾, and 31. On the 18th it had fallen to 29 for Florida, 29¼ for Mobile, 29½ for New Orleans, and 29¾ for Texas. We stated, what was very evident, that a gigantic speculation had been set on foot at the close of 1868 to carry up the price, which we thought could not be maintained. The speculation reached its culmination on the 11th inst., since which the price has declined and fluctuated.

About this time last year, by a combination of circumstances, cotton was depressed to 15 cents for middling upland, greatly to the injury of the cotton region. This year, the planters being under lighter advances than they were then, have sent forward their crops with such moderation as to prevent any sacrifice. Indeed the speculation on the part of operators has inured fortunately to the advantage of the planters, although they did not share in the advance last year, which took place after they had been driven to sell. Last year there was a rise in cotton goods, corresponding in part with the advance in middling upland, which advance at the close of the cotton year, on the 31st of August, had reached about 30 cents. This advance communicated considerable activity to trade. At present the situation is reversed, although cotton goods did not advance, either here or abroad, to conform fully to the price of raw cotton. The price of shirtings and sheetings is based on middling cotton at about 27 cents per pound, instead of 28¾ to 29 cents. A decline of half a cent per yard on prints took place on the 20th of February. The market is watched with great eagerness by dealers in all descriptions of goods, and there is a tendency to be sparing in the purchase of cotton fabrics.

The trade of 1868 throughout the Union received a heavy check by means of the lock-up on the part of the Erie operators which occurred in the fall. Gold fell to 132¼. The great staples, all our manufactures, all imported goods, stocks, and indeed every species of property, sympathized with the distress which this unscrupulous and wicked operation occasioned. We recommended at the time that the repetition of such an iniquity should be made punishable by penal laws, and we are happy to see that Congress has passed an act to prevent loans by National banks on legal tenders. It is not improbable, therefore, that the country may enjoy protection hereafter against the large and sudden displacement of an important amount of what is relied upon to redeem the issues of National banks.

The damage in this respect was the more to be deplored inasmuch as English operators had previously secured their supplies of cotton at prices below its cost, and by means of the lock-up, which struck the trade when the crop was being moved, were enabled to obtain our cereals at a rate below what is remunerative, notwithstanding that the crops in England in 1868—following a bad one in 1867—were such as to require larger supplies from the world's granaries than had been necessary at any period.

But, notwithstanding the serious damage inflicted on every interest by the "lock-up," the fact that we have a crop of cotton of such great value, and that we have a surplus of grain and food to supply to other countries, and that both will be required in unusual quantities, makes it very certain that we have the most solid basis for a healthy trade during all of the present year.

We have already shown in previous articles that foreign manufacturing states can not maintain the labor of their mills at its usual height without taking more of our cotton than usual—due, in great part, to the necessary diversion of labor in India from cotton planting to the raising of grain to prevent a famine; and hence it is that although the price of cotton here was carried up too high by speculation, yet a large demand must necessarily exist for what we have to sell at fair prices. We stand in a position no less favorable with respect to food; and it will be impossible for those countries which suffered severely from the six months' drought, which commenced in England and parts of Europe early in April, to delay much longer filling up the large gap in their supplies. The Albany

Evening Journal gives the quantity of wheat in store at Chicago, Milwaukee, and New York at 874,706 bushels less than last year, when wheat was 80 cents to $1 per bushel higher than at present. The stock of flour, it claims, is at no market except Chicago as heavy this year as last.

Mr. H. **KAINS JACKSON**, in an article in the London *Times*, states that "whatever rates are current in London have to be accepted, they being as a rule the highest in the world." Whether or not we shall be obliged to accept these rates, will depend wholly on what has been so successful with cotton, the moderation which our farmers show in pressing their productions into market. The rates published in England amount to no more than an offer of price. The offer is based on a comprehensive view of what she can command from the granaries of the world; but now she will find that, as the means of our competitors in supplying her with food are seriously crippled, it will be necessary to adjust the price to the state of things known to exist. Firmness on the part of our substantial farming interest will unquestionably secure a fair price for all they have to sell. Fewer wheat vessels are bound to England from the world at large than usual, and her supply is unquestionably lower than at any period of 1867. The rates which come over the cable daily are the lowest possible which her combined crop and imports permit. A late San Francisco paper mentions that wheat was taken in that market for England at prices which, adding freights, would certainly produce a loss in England at the *current* English quotations. The apparent enigma is unraveled when it is considered that the English at this time, owing to the terrible effects of the drought, have an interest the deepest that can sway men to obtain food at the lowest price possible, and that New York is the market upon which the greatest reliance is placed for ultimately obtaining the requisite quantity. No device will be omitted which tends to break down the New York market. Our farmers who are able to hold may be sure that it is their policy to withhold their grain from sacrifice, as the effects of the drought of 1868 will inevitably extend its influence over the countries which suffered from it to the period of the harvest of 1870. Such has been the preceding experience of such misfortunes.

The new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, at the banquet given to him in Dublin on the 8th of February, confirms some views which we have from time to time presented. He says, referring to the crisis of 1866, that it "exceeded in intensity any commercial crisis which has occurred during the last twenty-five years;" and he adds, referring to the failure of the potato crop in Ireland: "During the last summer a very dry season placed in jeopardy one of the staple crops which usually affords a very large income to farmers in this agricultural country; but I believe that plentiful rains and the mild season which followed have prevented that *disaster, which at one time it was feared would take place throughout the United Kingdom.*"

The *Mark Lane Express* of the 8th of February also says: "The cattle once *imperiled by the drought* have now got through the roughest of the season well, from the continued growth of esculents and grass."

Undoubtedly the mild winter has had important effects, and we rejoice that it is so; but the fear which the Lord-Lieutenant refers to is wholly at variance with what the **CAIRDS**, **SANDERSONS**, and **JACKSONS** have expressed, with respect to English wants, in the London *Times*, and which, from having been adopted in this country, have lowered the price of our cereals very near to English limits.

The manipulators of grain market reports on the other side have at no time allowed the foreign producers, who supply England with much of her food, to know that there was any fear of *disaster* which would extend over the *entire kingdom;* and it is impossible to suppose that the excessive rains, commencing late in autumn, accompanied with a mild winter, and which allowed turnips, grass, and the winter grain to continue growing, can have done more than postponed—close pasturing in winter is of questionable advantage—the time when grain from this country will be required.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION FRAUDS.

THE Congressional Report upon the election frauds in New York authentically confirms the universal impression that an enormous crime against the country was committed in this State by the Democratic managers. Every person who was actively engaged in the canvass knew that fraudulent naturalization papers had been sent out of the city into the neighboring counties and towns. The characters of the Democratic Judges chiefly engaged in the business of naturalization were notorious. The equally notorious character of the most active Democratic managers justified the liveliest suspicion. Frauds upon the ballot in the city were certainly not then for the first time suggested, and, knowing the great probability of fraud, and conscious of the universal conviction that it was even then attempted in the most flagrant manner, the duty of any honorable magistrate of any party was to announce the fact, and call upon all good citizens to expose the crime, and bring the criminals to justice. This was peculiarly the duty of Mr. **HOFFMAN**, who was then Mayor of the city, and also a candidate for Governor. But that gentleman issued a proclamation declaring even the "charges" of fraud to be "gross and unfounded;" thus stating as a fact what hundreds of citizens knew to be untrue, and what it was his especial duty to know to be so. Mr. **HOFFMAN'S** action tended directly to the protection of the frauds, and no man familiar with the facts doubted then or doubts now that those frauds made him Governor.

Why is it that every Democratic paper imitated the Mayor in sneering at the charges of fraud? Why should a leading journal of that party make the stupid assertion that the vote of the city of New York is as honest as that of any city? Why should Democrats who are intelligent men attempt to dispose of such a crime by shrugging their shoulders and saying that the Republicans are as bad as Democrats, and that one party cheats just as much as the other? It is not a question of party. It is a question of the stability of the Government. If Republicans organize and execute these vast schemes of fraud, why do not Democrats try to expose them? Simply because the Democratic managers know that if it be true that some Republicans cheat at the polls, the enormous frauds are perpetrated by Democrats for the benefit of the Democratic party. Therefore their papers affect to sneer at what they call stale slanders and party tricks. When a Democratic candidate, as was the case in certain wards of New York, receives more majority than there are legal voters in the ward, is it a stale slander to say so?

There should be a brief summary of the report of Mr. **LAWRENCE** cheaply published and scattered through the country, that the people of the United States may understand how they are cheated of their rights, and how the essential principle of the Government is assailed by the managers of the Democratic party in New York. They would then see the wisdom of the substance of the provisions which the report recommends. The United States alone should naturalize citizens, and defend by its own officers and laws the national elections. Indeed, the whole system of naturalization, and every safeguard of the suffrage, should be abolished rather than intrusted to the administration of courts and magistrates which, like so many of those in the city of New York, again and again and again exposed in detail, have become an unspeakable disgrace to the American name.

HITCHING UP.

PRESIDENT **BARNARD** of Columbia College has announced that the system of marks for recitation has been abolished. Class-rank is now to be determined by half-yearly examination in writing, each question to be valued in advance by the examiner. The system of discipline is also changed. There are to be no excuses for absence; but attendance upon three-quarters of the lectures in any department will be necessary for examination in it; and no student will be graduated unless he has passed all the examinations.

These changes are very reasonable, and they show that Columbia College is sensible of the great changes that are taking place in public opinion in regard to collegiate education, and is disposed to adapt itself to them. The average age at which young men enter college is now much greater than formerly. The entering examinations are so advanced that many an alumnus of a score or more of years standing dubiously wonders if he could now proceed a freshman. The consequent presumption is that students come to study, not to paint the President's cow blue, nor to mitten the bell-clapper before morning prayers, and that they are to be treated accordingly.

The old system of college discipline and police was ludicrous and belittling. It was the result in great part of the fact that the Professors were generally shy students or recluse clergymen, totally ignorant of life and of human nature, and utterly bewildered in a crowd of boys. As a rule, and with striking exceptions, they were as little fitted to teach boys from fifteen to twenty as they were to harness a horse. The head of a college was selected, as it was slyly said the English Bishops were, for skill in construing Greek. If young men had been mere Greek particles, that was an admirable rule. But as they were not, the result was not satisfactory. The advantage of disregarding this tradition was shown in the appointment of **JOSIAH QUINCY** as President of Harvard College. The mundane affairs of that venerable institution had fallen into sad disorder during the administration of a dignified and worthy clergyman, and the cloth opposed Mr. **QUINCY'S** appointment. But he was confirmed, and his administration was the most prosperous and successful in the history of the College. Mr. **QUINCY'S** Latin was copious and correct; but his wide experience of men and affairs, acquired in important civic trusts and in contact with society, was even more essential to the fit discharge of his duties.

The old tradition of the College has been recently further disturbed by the tendency to appoint young men to the presidency. It is found that many of the most efficient and best beloved of the teachers have been men in full sympathy with those around them, and the value of mere age has therefore signally dwindled. An anecdote is going through the papers of a farmer near Ithaca, in this State, who met two not ancient persons who had been upset in a sleigh. He stopped to help, and suggested that while one held the sleigh "t'other boy" should hitch up. "T'other boy" was the President of the Cornell University. One thing, indeed, seems to be pretty clear: If the colleges in this country are to be living influences they must renounce the traditions that are incompatible with the time. They must cherish that enthusiasm for culture, that aspiration for "sweetness and light" from which all effective study springs, and which depends very little upon mere pedagogy, and very much upon mutual sympathy and confidence. There is many a college gradually tipping over, like the sleigh at Ithaca, and if it would run along again smoothly and swiftly, it must summon "t'other boy" to hitch up.

A LITTLE MORE.

FROM the latest reports we should suppose that affairs were almost bad enough in Mexico for somebody to propose the immediate annexation of that country to the United States. Puebla, Mazatlan, Yucatan, Tlascala, Nuevo Leon, Quiroga, and other provinces, are heaving with revolution; all the conditions of disorder, ignorance, and wretchedness, which seemed to be so persuasive in the case of San Domingo, are amply supplied by Mexico, and if they were urgent arguments for the acquisition of the one, they must be conclusive for that of the other. There are plots, counterplots, riots, usurpations, poverty, and anarchy in Mexico, and if these do not fit a country for immediate admission into the Union, according to the current reasoning, what can?

Cuba, also, is sadly disturbed. The revolution there is formidable. The ignorance and wretchedness of the people are also great. Is not Cuba nearly fitted for annexation?

The House of Representatives has been busily discussing the reduction of certain of our missions to the South American states. General **BUTLER** is generously willing that General **KILPATRICK** shall continue to be minister to Chili; and General **BANKS** thinks that the saving of forty thousand dollars is not to be placed against the disadvantage of no representation, or an abridged influence in those countries. But why discuss? They are all more or less revolutionary, wretched, and ignorant; why not take them all in, and save all the salaries of all the ministers?"

"Perhaps the United States," says the New York *Times*, "might manage to absorb and digest the five northerly and northwesterly states of Mexico." But why so small a bite? Why not the whole fruit? We are so in want of territory; what we have is so thoroughly peopled and subdued; the sentiment of the population upon the frontiers and at the South is so patriotic and united; we are so free from every kind of perplexing domestic question arising from races and extent, that nothing could be wiser than to absorb a few more foreign states and a few millions more of alien population. Possibly Spain, which is in some trouble, might like to make an arrangement; and Mr. **SEWARD** has doubtless discovered that Russia has some possessions in Asia that she would sell at a bargain. That would be especially attractive, because, while we are so free from the questions to which we have alluded, we have also such an overflowing treasury. But the annexation of Mexico is plainly first in order—or say Mexico and San Domingo together.

THE DEAD SOLDIERS.

THE loyal citizens of Louisville, Kentucky, have resolved to erect a suitable monument in honor of the 3905 Union soldiers buried in the National Department of Cave Hill Cemetery in that city. The Committee state that in their military division, extending from Western Virginia to the Mississippi, and from the Ohio to the Gulf, there are twenty national cemeteries, in which are buried 114,648, in numbers varying from the 355 at Danville, Kentucky, to the 16,486 in the Nashville Cemetery. Thirty-two States are represented in these cemeteries, and the Committee ask why each of those States should not have a monument in each of the cemeteries. They have carefully investigated, and have discovered how many of those buried belonged to each State, exclusive of the 13,705 buried at Andersonville, and of those registered as United States troops. Colonel E. B. **WHITMAN**, who is warmly interested, is charged with the duty of gathering the dead into the cemeteries.

While the Legislatures are spending money so recklessly they might well consider whether a little sum might not wisely be expended for so pure and patriotic a purpose.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

February 22:

In the Senate, it was agreed to postpone the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office bill.—A bill was passed abolishing the office of Superintendent of Exports and Drawbacks.

In the House, a bill was passed granting the right of way to the Memphis, El Paso, and Pacific Railroad.—The Post-Office Appropriation bill was passed.

February 23:

In the Senate, the following bills were passed: one authorizing certain National Banks to change their names; another authorizing the Western Union Telegraph Company to import submarine wires free of duty; the Army Appropriation bill; a bill to amend the Judicial system; the Civil Rights Act; and a bill to prevent the extermination of fur-bearing animals in Alaska.

In the House, the Copper Tariff bill was passed over the President's veto, 115 to 56.—The report of the New York election frauds was agreed to.—The salary of the Special Commissioner of Revenue—Mr. Wells—was abolished.

February 24:

In the Senate, the Copper Tariff bill was passed over the President's veto, 38 to 12.

In the House, the bill to strengthen public credit and legalize gold contracts was passed, 119 to [illegible].

February 25:

In the Senate, the bill to exempt manufacturers of certain kinds of machinery from revenue tax was passed.

In the House, the Senate bill authorising certain National Banks to change their names was passed.—The report of the Joint Committee on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was disagreed to.—The Constitutional Amendment proposition relating to suffrage, reported by the Conference Committee, was passed, 143 to 43.

February 26:

In the Senate, the Constitutional Amendment proposition was passed in the same form as in the House, 39 to 13. It does not include the right to hold office.

In the House, the Deficiency Appropriation bill was passed.

February 27:

In the House, the contested election cases of Messrs. Hunt and Menard were the subject of a long discussion, and both gentlemen were refused seats. Mr. Menard is a colored man, and was allowed to speak in his own behalf, the first instance of a colored man addressing either House of Congress.

NEWS ITEMS.

Another engagement between United States regulars and the Indians took place between the 15th and 20th of January, at a point ten days' travel west of the Witchita Mountains. Our troops were successful, and totally destroyed an Indian village, besides killing eight savages.

A few days since a ship-load of Chinese women was refused permission to land by the local authorities of San Francisco. The reason given is the immorality of Chinese women. Rather hard on John Chinaman!

A report was received at Corpus Christi, Texas, on the 2d of February, to the effect that two hundred Indians had attacked the ranchos of Los Angeles and Los Amios, on the road to Brownsville, and slaughtered the entire population, numbering forty men, women, and children. Troops were at once sent in pursuit.

A very serious difficulty has arisen between Bishop M'Quaid and the Catholics of Auburn. It appears that the Bishop removed Rev. Thomas O'Flaherty, who had been pastor of the Auburn congregation for twenty-three years, and appointed Rev. M. Kavanagh in his place. On Sunday, February 21, Father Kavanagh attempted to say mass, when the congregation resolved itself into a public meeting and refused to allow him to proceed. A number of the prominent members took Father Kavanagh from the altar and quietly led him out of the church, and the Bishop was induced to follow him. At a subsequent meeting the congregation resolved to stand by their old pastor, denounced the action of the Bishop, and declared they would no longer submit to the "one-man power" attempted to be exercised over them, but to appeal to the Pope if necessary. They also resolved that the new pastor should not occupy the parsonage.

The locomotive tender, the express cars, baggage cars, and a Pullman sleeping car of an express train on the Niagara Falls Railroad were thrown from the track near Gates Station, on the 23d of February, by a broken rail. The express and baggage cars rolled into a ditch, and the sleeping car was thrown across the track. Several persons were seriously injured.

David T. Valentine, Clerk of the Common Council for more than thirty years, and publisher of "Valentine's Manual," died on the afternoon of February 25.

On the 25th of February Recorder Hackett of this city sentenced ten burglars to State Prison. The day before he sentenced seven criminals to the same place.

The Naval Monument Committee, of which Vice-Admiral Porter is the Treasurer, has collected sufficient funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of the officers, sailors, and marines who fell in the different battles during our late sanguinary war.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN the British House of Parliament February 22 Mr. Fortescue stated that the Government proposed to release forty-five Fenian prisoners, some of whom were leaders in the late insurrectionary movements. Baron Lionel de Rothschild has been elected to the British Parliament. The Fenian prisoners, Costello and Warren, who were imprisoned in Dublin have been liberated.

Another Polar expedition has sailed from Bremen.

The Danish Minister of War urges the sale of the Danish West India Islands to the United States.

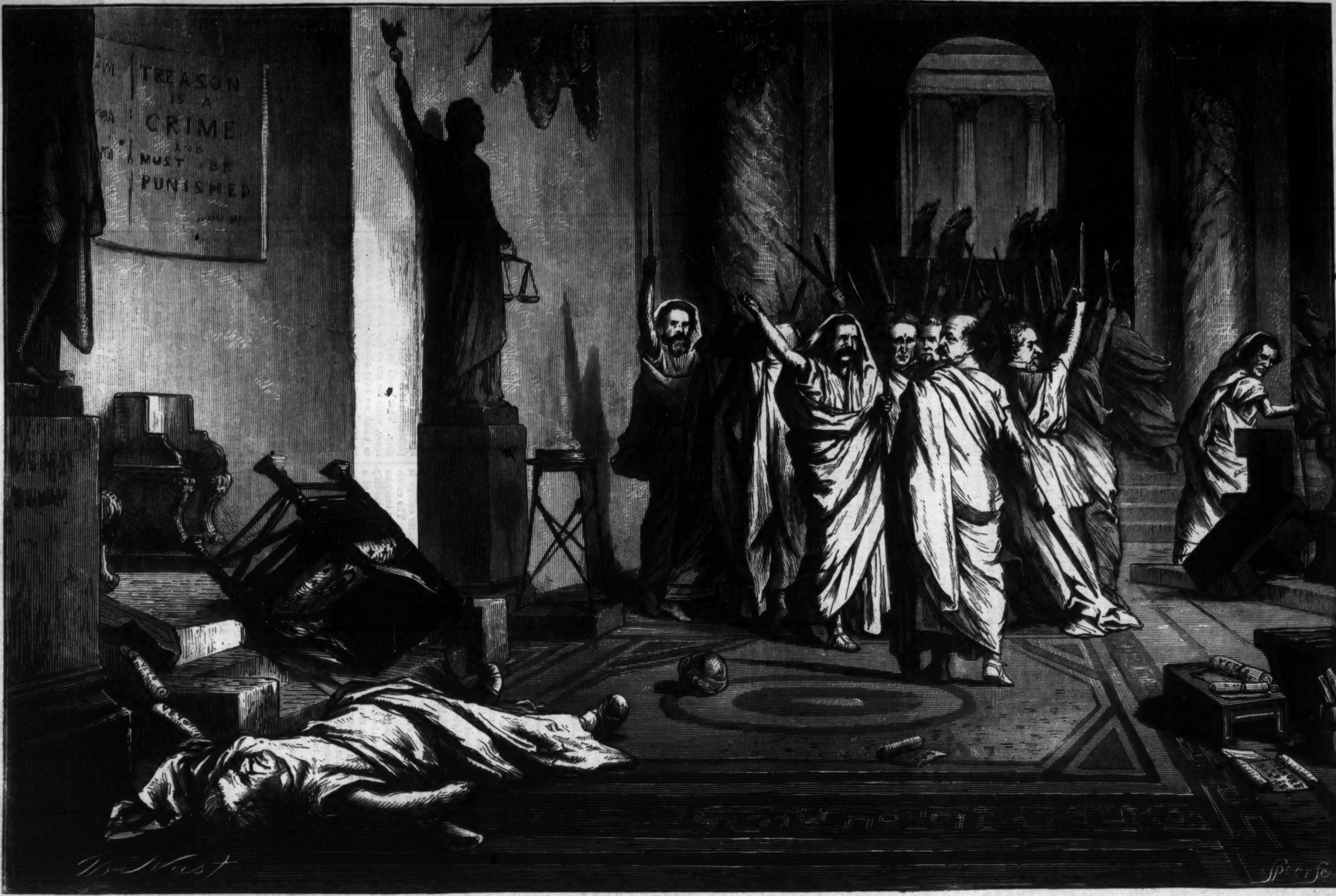
The dedication of the American Methodist Theological Seminary at Frankfort-on-the-Maine took place on the 18th of January, and the clergy and presiding elders from various parts of Germany and students were present. Addresses were made in German by many of the clergy and by some of the professors, and in English by G. P. Kettell, United States Consul, Carlsruhe, by Mr. Murphy, Consul-General, Frankfort, and by Professor M'Chesney, United States Consul, Newcastle. The seminary is a large four-story brick building in the eastern part of the city, commanding a view of Frankfort and vicinity. Its cost will be about 400,000 francs, and the gift of T. Martin, of Brooklyn, New York. This being the only Methodist college in Germany will doubtless be a success. After the ceremony some 200 sat down to tea, and next day the clergy and professors were entertained at dinner at the Hotel D'Angleterre in Frankfort by the American Consul-General, at which about fifteen clergymen and professors were present.

SPAIN.

The vote of thanks passed by the Spanish Cortes to the retiring Provisional Government, and authorizing Marshal Serrano to form a new Ministry, was—for, 180; against, 62. General Prim has assured the Cortes that the late dynasty would never reascend the throne.

CUBA.

We have advices of a battle fought at the mouth of the Damuji, in which the Government troops were successful. An order has been issued to the troops in the field to take no prisoners in arms. The captured are to be summarily shot. Accounts from Santiago de Cuba state that the cholera is still raging, and the insurgents are destroying the plantations in that vicinity.


TREASON
IS A
CRIME
AND
MUST BE
PUNISHED

"Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets."

THE POLITICAL DEATH OF THE BOGUS CÆSAR.

"Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement!"

THE MYSTERY OF THE LOEW BRIDGE.

I.—FROM HIS DIARY.

I AM not a spiritualist—I dare not be. People strong of nerve may stand on the brink of the precipice, on the edge of the parapet, and, looking down, compute the dizzy depth. If I tremblingly approach a sickening horror seizes all my senses, a devil's voice hisses in my ear, *Cast thyself down from hence!* Men of logical mind may draw aside the curtain of the grave and throw the steady plumb-line of their philosophic gaze into the yawning abysses of eternity. But for me—too well I know that "that way madness lies." Those who will may laugh at ghosts, or seek to meet them. I dare not believe or disbelieve. The air around us may be thronged with spirits; we may live in their world, as insects live in ours, all unconscious of the higher existences about us; I shut my eyes. I never wish to see one, or for an instant to imagine that I do. I dread the possible phantasms of a fevered brain as much as the real phantoms whose apparition would craze it.

"From all crafts and assaults of the devil, *Good Lord deliver us!*"

I am not a timid man. No one dares call me a coward. I fought my way through the four years of the Rebellion, and won my major's straps in the charge at Gettysburg. I can lift with pride these heavy masses of hair and show the gleaming white scar that marks clear across my skull the lightning course of one of those bullets from which I never flinched. But my weapons are not spiritual, and I would rather meet my deadliest foe in open fight at noonday than encounter the "dear departed shade" of my best friend in "the dead waste and middle of the night."

Ghosts never walk in sunlight, do they?

It *is* inexplicable. I can not bear to think of it, and that is why I have filled this page of my diary with moralizing instead of a simple record of the day's adventures, as my habit is. I can not stop thinking of it, so perhaps I had better write it down and see if I can not get rid of the burden that oppresses me by giving up its keeping to this journal, which no eye but my own can ever see.

It is only a photograph—or rather a ferreotype—of the Fulton Street Bridge, and one of the crowds that daily assemble upon that elevated thoroughfare. Only a ferreotype, and I have another like it, though taken on a different day. Both are poorly taken, and to a casual eye the second seems a duplicate of the first, though of course the crowds are different. They *are* much alike; that is the trouble—too much alike.

In the first place, I am in each of them, and in nearly the same position. There, in about the middle of the bridge, near the railing, is my face—there, just under—

This is how I came to have it taken. New York is a great city. It can afford to throw twenty thousand dollars into the mud, as Sir Walter cast his velvet cloak, to save royal feet a wetting, and then stand by and laugh to see the sovereigns ignore and pass around it, and laugh at them if they don't. The papers say that only country people avail themselves of the new bridge.

I am a countryman, I suppose, and I am not ashamed to own it, though I might say instead that I am in business in the city. But, in fact, my business only calls me into town two or three times a week, and I still live in my father's home on the farm in New Jersey where I was born. I had hoped by this time to be living in a home of my own, with wife and children about me; but now— Well, I have told my journal that secret too.

As I was starting for the city last Friday my little sister Sue called after me,

"Do, Harry, bring me home a picture of the Fulton Street Bridge."

I remembered her as I passed it going to my lunch, and, as much to please her as to gratify my own curiosity, I mounted the long staircase, intending to surprise her with a picture of myself in that of the bridge.

With this intention I elbowed my way through the crowd, and obtained a position close to the railing on the lower side, which would be, as nearly as I could calculate, in the direct focus of the camera. The view of Broadway from this point was an interesting one, and I watched the counter currents of humanity flowing ceaselessly through it, with pleasure at first. But even such an elevation as I looked down from was enough to make my head a little dizzy, and I was glad when the eccentric photographer, who daily takes the bridge as Joshua took Jericho, with the blast of a trumpet, sounded his horn to give warning of his purpose, while the veiled eye of the camera was slowly turned upon the expectant crowd. There was a sudden stir and rustle as each one endeavored to strike an attitude supposed to be becoming; again the horn sounded; a sudden quiet and silence fell upon us; the veil was drawn from the eye of the Cyclops, and we remained petrified for an eternity of five seconds, till one more blast broke the spell and set us free.

I took one glance up Broadway, and then hurried down on the other side of the bridge, glad enough to find my feet on a level with *terra firma* once more.

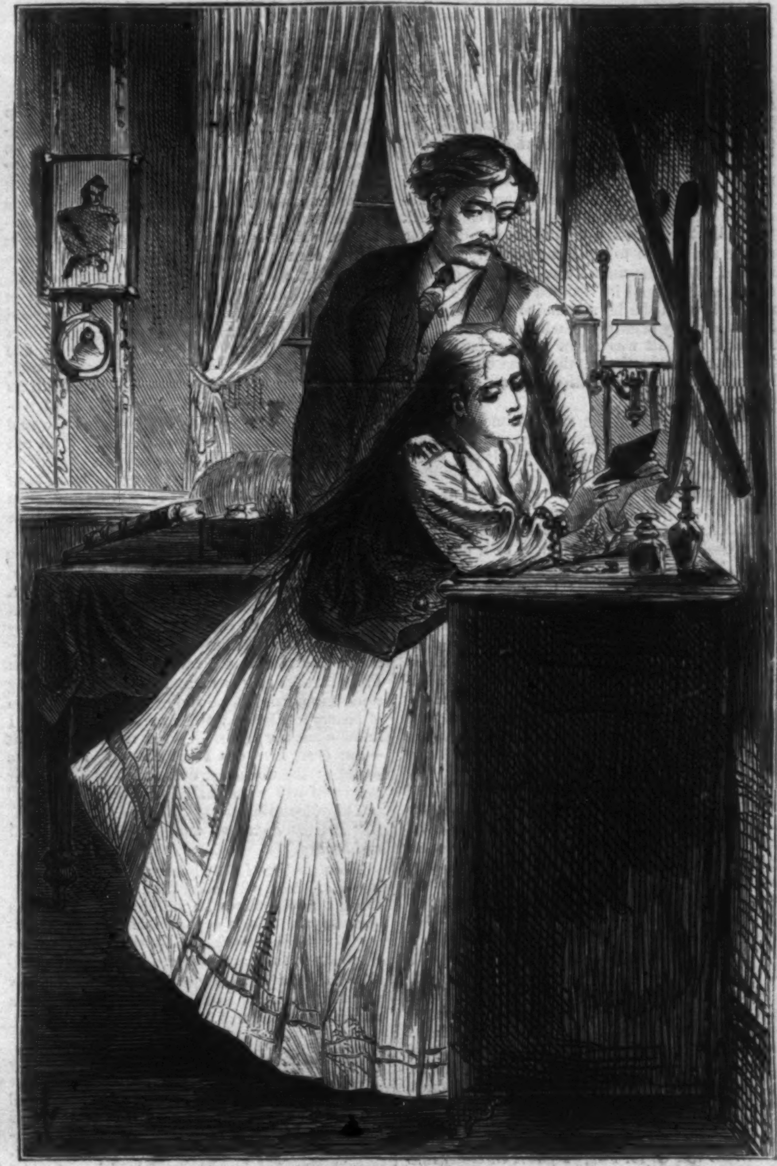
Then I ran up to the photographer's saloon, paid my twenty-five cents, just glanced at the picture to assure myself that it was the right one, and, recognizing my own face, put the precious article into my pocket-book and hurried away to my restaurant, where I had appointed a meeting on business with a gentleman. From that time until I had to take the boat to catch the last train which could get me home that night, I was so pressed that I could not even read the day's papers. So, when I got on the train, I borrowed a lantern of the conductor, whom I knew, and, sitting in a freight car, enjoyed them and my pipe all the way home.

As I unfolded the *Herald* my eye was caught by one of the "personals," because of its heading:

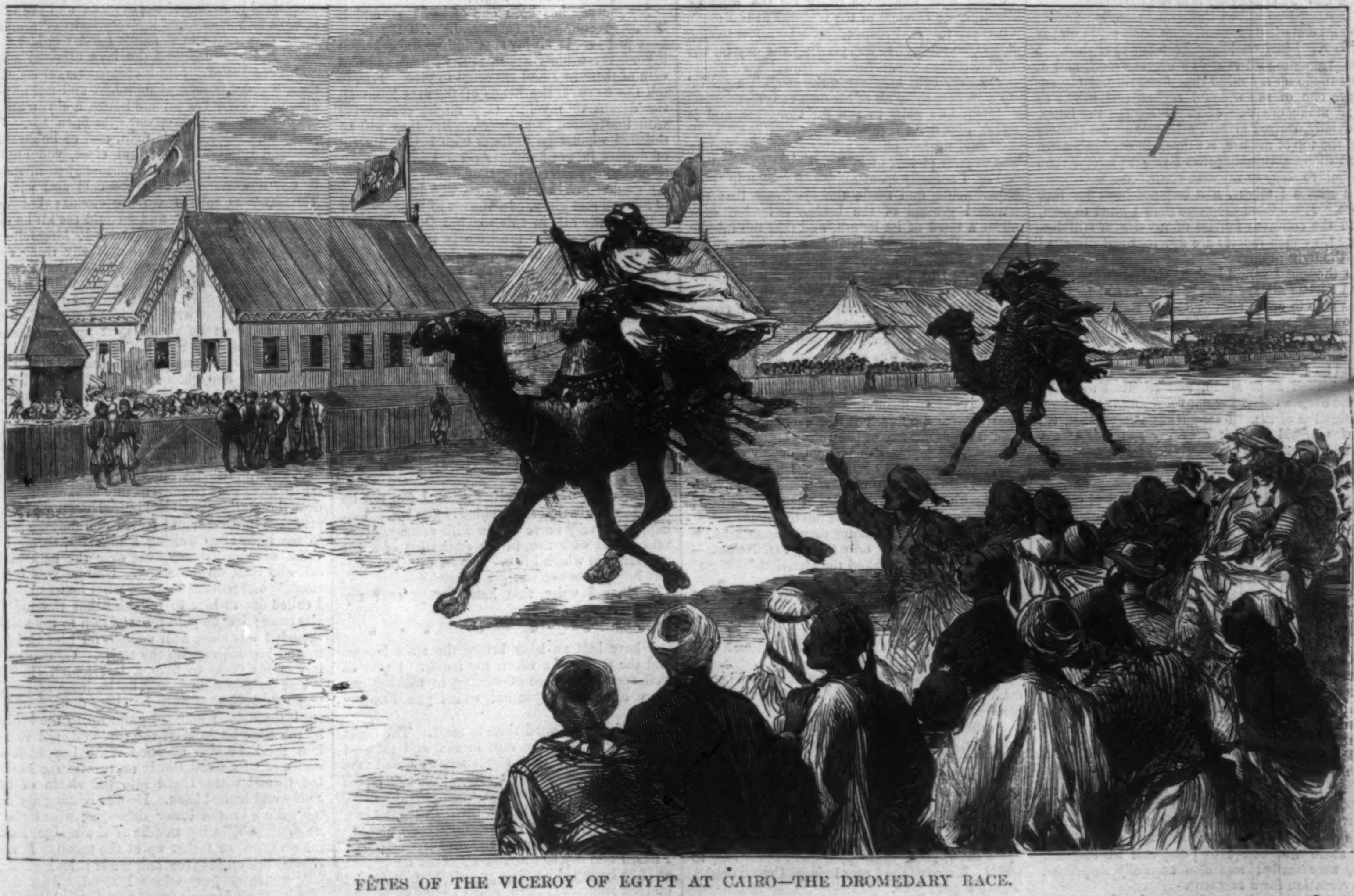
Fulton Street Bridge. First time. Meet again on Monday. Spirit.

Of course I forgot the foolish thing as soon as I read it, and occupied myself with the more important topics of the paper.

It was late when I reached the house, and, letting myself in with my night-key, I walked softly up the stairs to my room. But there was a light in the one next to it, which was Sue's. She is a romantic child, and I suspect her of sitting up late sometimes to read novels. She heard my step, and threw open her door to meet me, mak-



"IS THAT THE WAY IT LOOKS ON THE BRIDGE?"



FÊTES OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT AT CAIRO—THE DROMEDARY RACE.

[SEE PAGE 167.]

ing a pretty picture as she stood on the threshold in her scarlet dressing-sack and white skirts, with her dark hair unbound and rippling over her shoulders.

"Oh, Harry! have you brought me the picture?"

"Yes, little goosey, come and get it," I said, throwing my arm around her waist, and kissing her rosy lips in hearty, big-brother style as I drew her into my room.

"Why don't you wear your hair that way all the time, Sue? It's all the fashion in New York. Or, if you'd rather make some money, cut it off and send it to one of the city girls to sew on to her hat. That's the way they do. Whew—isn't it long?" and I drew it through my fingers admiringly, till she called me a horrid boy for tangling it, and commenced diving unceremoniously into the depths of my over-coat pockets.

"Not there, child; you are not acquainted with the topography of a gentleman's pockets. There, do you know any one in that crowd?" I threw the picture on the bureau before her.

"Oh, Harry, there you are yourself, you dear old thing! I knew you in a minute, though you have got two mustaches. What did you move your head for? Is that the way it looks on the bridge? How funny! But who is that looking over your shoulder?"

"Some rag-picker, I suppose, or maybe a pickpocket; there were plenty of them up there." I laughed, and took up the picture to examine it for the first time.

It was curious. I saw nothing remarkable at first, but as I held the picture to the light under my student-lamp I did perceive, dimly visible in the throng behind me, a face very different from all the rest, just above my left shoulder. It seemed to fill up an opening in the crowd of heads, but nothing was visible of the body which belonged to it. It was a woman's face, and different from the rest in that it was unadorned by any bonnet (I was going to say unshaded, but what face is not in these days?), in that the eyes were closed, or nearly so, in that the whole expression was one of death, not life.

Perhaps I am making my description more accurate than it could have been that evening. My little sister had not noticed as much as this, I know, and the whole impression was so blurred that only a critical eye could have distinguished one face from another. Only, this one seemed a little more distinct than the rest. It was as if all the others had moved, and this one alone retained self-control, and remained entirely motionless.

"A Sister of Charity, I should think, Sue, practicing sanctification of the eyes in penance for having her picture taken."

"Is it really, do you think?" she innocently asked; and, giving me another kiss for good-night, ran off to her own room, carrying her treasure with her, and I went to bed.

I don't remember that I dreamed that night. Perhaps I did without knowing it, for about two o'clock I woke with a sudden start, fancying that what roused me was a rush of cold air on my face, and the loud spoken words: "Meet again on Monday!" And, just as I opened my eyes, the white dead face of the picture floated before me, and then dissolved into the darkness.

I started up in bed and gazed eagerly after it; then, recollecting myself, sank back again on my pillow. But I could not keep my eyes shut. I was trembling all over in a nervous chill, and at last made up my mind that I should have to endure one of my wakeful nights, and might as well make the best of it. I lighted my lamp, partially dressed myself, and, raking the cinders off the top of my fire, sat down in dressing-gown and slippers, thinking that I might perhaps read myself to sleep in my arm-chair.

Perhaps I might, if it had not been for that face. It troubled me more than I liked to own, and the confused fancies of my dream still lingered, as such fancies are apt to, until dispelled by the light of day.

I thought I would look at that picture again; and as Sue always left her door ajar at night, I was able to creep softly into her room and steal it out of her drawer without waking her. The face seemed even more distinct to me than it had at first. So shadowy, yet so stern, and oh, so dead! I felt that Sue would surely notice it if she looked at it again, and resolved to make some excuse to her for not returning it. It took possession of me. I sat gazing, gazing at it, till I was afraid to look over my shoulder lest I should meet those eyes unveiled; sat so till the day broke and the shadows fled.

Then I must confess that things wore a different aspect, and, after a bracing bath had cooled the fever of the night, I felt rather ashamed of myself. I did not give up the picture to Sue, however, but told her I did not want such a misrepresentation of myself to be exhibited, and that I should destroy it and get her a better one.

Destroy it! Rather might it destroy me.

But I would not look at it again; and as the days went on the unpleasant impression wore off, and I had reasoned myself into the conviction that the strange effect had been produced by some peculiarity of the atmosphere or the instrument, and exaggerated by my heated and wearied brain. I feel the need of keeping this brain of mine quiet, so I tried to put the whole affair out of my thoughts.

I had not expected to go to the city under a week, but something turned up in business that called me there sooner. I was walking down Broadway with a friend, so busily engaged in conversation that I did not notice where we were. The people in front of us stopped, as if to wait for some obstruction to pass, and we stopped, too, necessarily; and also naturally suspended conversation for a moment.

In the pause the words were loudly sounded in my ears:

"*Meet again on Monday.*"

I glanced up. We were at the foot of the Fulton Street Bridge.

"Did you speak?" I asked my friend.

"No. Is any thing the matter? You look faint."

"Oh no, indeed," I said; "but excuse me. I have just remembered an appointment close by, and must put off our talk till to-morrow. I shall be in town again, or, perhaps, not go out to-night. Meet me at the Astor House at eleven. Good-by," and I turned down Fulton Street, abruptly, walked around the block, and came back to the bridge. An irresistible impulse drew me up the stairs, and to my former position by the railing. But this time I carefully searched the crowd as I entered it, scanned every face about me, and, when the horn sounded the first time, looked quickly back over each shoulder. I was satisfied that all was right. Every head wore the conventional attire, all the faces were decidedly material, and unquestionably alive. I felt quite at my ease.

The horn sounded the second time. A chill seized me, and I would have given worlds to look back once more, but I seemed paralyzed, and I know I kept still that time.

Once more I paid my quarter; once more I looked at my picture—and oh! once more I saw that face, just over my shoulder as before, only the crowd was thinner, and more of it could be seen. The bands of hair combed smoothly down as over the brow of death; the downcast eyes; the nose less saintly, and the mouth with an expression that I had not discovered in the first picture. The lips full, half parted in a smile, as if ready to tell the secret of the veiled eyes—a smile of life on a dead face, a smile seductive, bewildering, half sweet, half cruel. And below, in dimmer outline, as if receding, an appearance which gave the impression of a figure floating in the air, was the cloudy suggestion of the swelling, half veiled bosom.

More than my first terror seized me as I gazed upon it. Whose was this face, and what had she to do with me? I went back to the bridge. Of course I could not take that picture to Sue. I must try once more. When would the horn sound again? Not for an hour, I was told. I was faint with hunger and excitement, but I took no lunch. I spent the whole hour upon the bridge, watching every one of the crowd continually passing and repassing over it, but watching in vain.

The next time the trumpet gave warning I chose a position as far from my original one as was consistent with the possibility of securing a likeness, still taking my former precaution of looking over each shoulder at the last moment. To my great relief my scheme was successful, and no ghostly companion appeared beside me. The picture was a very good one, too; and I felt almost happy as, saying to myself, "There, now, that will do for Sue," I put it carefully into my breast-pocket, and strapped the other into my note-book with the original one.

I am ashamed to tell, even to this journal, how the rest of that day was spent. I neglected my business, and though I did force myself to eat between times, and to drink several cups of *café noir* (I never take any thing stronger), every returning hour found me ready for the blast of doom, quite careless of the remarks at last made upon my frequent reappearance by a few loafing boys who seemed to be spending the day on the bridge themselves.

"I say, Bill, here come the swell 's a-gettin' up a picture-show all of his own mug!"

"Oh, he's goin' to run for Congress, and is agoin' to sell them to pay expenses."

"Say, mister, please gi' me a quarter to buy one of your pictures for 'Liza?"

Yes, I actually spent all the afternoon in these experiments, and made the discovery that the haunted ground of the bridge extended over about a third of its length, and that the middle third. Beyond this boundary, toward either end, I could stand alone without my strange attendant. But I came no nearer a solution of the mystery of her presence within these limits, and, when the fading light and lessening crowd forced the insatiate photographer to draw in his horn, I left the bridge in a state of nervous excitement which I was ashamed of but could not control.

I did not return home that night, but staid at the house of an intimate friend, and went to the theatre with the family in the evening. On our return we found two of the young ladies who had remained at home with visitors, deeply engaged in the mysteries of Planchette. I had never examined into the merits of this oracular toy, avoiding it with my usual dread of the supernatural; but now something impelled me to say:

"Can Planchette answer mental questions?"

"Oh yes, indeed; only try it, Mr. Neilson—tell us when you've asked the question."

"I have asked it."

Planchette started off without hesitation, and wrote in a fair, round hand that I could read without stooping: "*Spirit.*"

"Is that the right answer, Mr. Neilson?"

"I asked who is present."

"Oh, then that is a stupid answer, Planchette; can't you tell us whose spirit?" chided the fair priestess. But nothing more could be drawn from the oracle than a constant repetition of this response, and I professed to be more than satisfied with it. So indeed I was.

Then I asked "where have I met you?" and, with some embarrassment, Planchette wrote, less legibly than before, "*Lo—Low—*"

"What can that mean, Neilson?" said my friend, as we stooped to decipher it.

"Pshaw, girls, your Spirit don't know how to spell! It means the Loew Bridge, I've no doubt. That's a good joke."

"So it does—that must be it!" they cried in chorus, and never noticed that their good joke had struck me to the heart.

I only asked one question more, and that also a silent one. It was,

"Have you any thing to say to me?" and the answer came promptly:

"*Meet me by moonlight alone.*"

A trifling answer it seemed, and I joined in the laugh it raised and went off to bed, thoroughly exhausted by the excitements of the day. To bed, but I can hardly say to sleep. My weary brain had scarcely lost consciousness when it waked again into that condition of semi-trance which is not perhaps peculiar to my own experience. First comes a conscious sense of being asleep, then the mind gradually wakens more and more, and tries to act as usual through its bodily medium, but in vain. The body lies in heavy slumber. The soul seems partly detached from it, and the connection broken between spirit and nerves. The ghastly fear of that complete detachment, which is death, comes over the soul, and the will makes fierce struggles to regain its mastery of the body, until, with a shriek of torture, the bondslave wakes. How great the real danger of death in this state may be I do not know, but it is my conviction that many of those who have been found dead in their beds, after having retired in apparent health, have died in one of these struggles. I am sure that I came very near dying in mine.

The state is always a dreamless one. The mind possesses more than its usual activity; and so I know that what I saw was real, and not a fancy. I was more than ever under the complete dominion of the trance; and while I lay there powerless, helpless, unable to move or cry out, I saw that face grow out of the darkness; I saw that floating form, and pleading, wreathing arms extended. A bewildering rapturous vision of beauty! I heard words impossible to utter. I know what the lips said, what the smile meant—not even here can I write it—all, all but the secret of the downcast eyes. When shall their veil be lifted? when shall I read their mystery?"

The voice said,

"*In moonlight—at midnight—between earth and heaven.*"

Then another form appeared—one that I had loved, and love still dearer than my life. A glory round the bright brow, a shining cross upon the pure bosom, a look of ineffable love and compassion on the dear face. I struggled, but vainly, to stretch my arms toward it. The other vision faded, a hand whose gentle touch I knew was laid upon my forehead, and I sank into a natural quiet slumber.

* * * * * *

Months have passed since the last page in my journal was written. How insufficient it now seems to me as I look it over! I have not visited the Fulton Street Bridge since then. There is no need. I have not consulted mediums or oracles. The last one I saw told me that I am constantly attended by a beautiful spirit. As if I did not know it. Am I not a spirit myself? and can not I leave this material form and hold high converse with ethereal minds at will? I have traveled far since the above record was penned; and now in a distant city I hear that the Loew Bridge is to be taken down. If it prove to be the truth I must hurry home.

My journey has been one of business, and it has been eminently successful. All my plans have prospered; all my speculations have thriven beyond my wildest hopes, and without as great care of them as I had expected to give. For, to tell the truth, if the heads of the firm knew all the details of my life, they might charge me with inattention to business. But they will be satisfied when I go to them with half a million of dollars in my hand. And *I* know how the results were secured, but they don't. It is she, my guide—my beautiful one—who leads me on to fortune and glory. In visions of the night, in voices of the air, in soft touches that thrill my throbbing brow, her presence is with me. In the weary watches of darkness those solemn eyes calm the fever of my soul; as I walk these streets, a stranger among strangers, a gentle hand is laid upon my shoulder, and sometimes even from the hurrying crowd before me a face looks back—*her* face. That smile beckons me on; but when I dart forward to increase my speed, so as to gain upon it imperceptibly, it ever eludes me, and melts into air just as I think to overtake it. I am weary with the pursuit. Mine—mine—but when shall I reach her? The day is coming! One thing grieves me. I never see that other face of the star and the cross. It was once the beloved face of my good angel. Has she deserted me?

But, then, whose is *this* face? I can not be unhappy while that smile shines upon me. Unhappy! Every nerve throbs with ecstasy, every vein thrills with fire, in the exaltation of spirit and sense in which I live. Have I ever lived before?

Ah! as I write, that hand creeps over my face, and in the—

* * * * * *

I have half an hour before the train leaves, and the porter has taken my trunk. I may as well spend the time of waiting in making one more entry in my journal, which goes into my valise.

Midnight is a good time to start. The night shines more than the day to me, and then—I shall get there in just about twenty-four hours if all goes well—and all will. Yes, this is the very time of all times to begin my journey, though the clerk asked me, when I paid my bill, if I would not prefer the morning train so as to have a good night's rest; and, as I left the room, I heard him say to some one, "That man looks as if he hadn't slept for a month." I suppose I do look somewhat worn, and I have been rather wakeful lately; but what does that matter? I slept last night at any rate, though not in bed. I believe I went to sleep while in the very act of writing. To sleep—but what of that? What is the sleep of the body, of mere matter which ever sleeps unless aroused by spirit forces? Was I asleep when, at the touch of that hand, the eyes of my soul unclosed and the curtain rolled from the future?

How shall I paint that vision? Darkness all-enveloping around me, blue depths of more mysterious darkness above, and, glowing, floating on the sombre back-ground, midway between the two profounds, a swaying pathway of light, of rainbows, of sunset clouds! My unbound spirit ran up with winged feet the steps that led, like Bethel's shining ladder, from earth to heaven—the heaven of my hopes—the heaven of that face, that form, that floated above the aerial rendezvous in soft and changing auroral radiance; so glowing, so subtle, so evanescent. The white arms lured me on, the smile grew brighter, more significant, the veiling eyelids seemed slowly rising. Then, even as the cold fires of the north stream suddenly from the horizon to the zenith, and as suddenly disappear, so the vision before me glowed and vanished. I woke to earthly life with the strange sensation, common to such startled wakings, of falling from an eminence. Woke to find it a dream, but a dream of prophecy. I know that when next I climb those shining steps to meet her the secret of those veiled eyes will be revealed.

My brain seems bursting with the awful joy. I shall fly on the wings of night to my splendid fate. Only to me is the honor given. Those eyes with all their dread secrets in them will look straight into mine, and I shall meet their gaze unflinching, as the eagle looks at the sun, as the dead look up at God!

II.—WHAT THE POLICEMAN TOLD THE REPORTER.

Yes, Sir, the bridge is nearly down, and good riddance to it. Little good it ever did to any body, unless to the people from the country, who crossed it just to say they had, and the pickpockets who stole their silver watches, or the picture-man who made his fortune, they say. It was all a mistake, Sir. It took longer to climb to the top of it than to take your chance among the carts, if you were used to it; and as for the ladies, bless their souls, there's not one of them but would rather trust me to take her over than to drag her pretty Balmoral up those muddy stairs.

That's all the good it ever did; and as for the harm—why, not to speak of the cost to the city, which nobody seems to mind, and not to speak of the row Knox made about its darkening his windows—after all the harm it did can't be carried away with the rubbish. The more's the pity!

It only happened not a fortnight ago, Sir; and though it's not much afraid of ghosts *I* am, you can't wonder that I don't enjoy being night-watchman on this beat yet. It was rather a cold and stormy night when it happened, and I was walking about pretty brisk to keep my blood moving, when about midnight I saw a cab drive up Courtland Street and drop a gentleman at the corner of Broadway, and then drive off quite rapid. Of course there was nothing particularly suspicious in such a circumstance; and the time is most forgotten when the very sight of a small black carpet-bag in a man's hand would scare every one to death with the idea of rebel spies and incendiaries. Still it seemed rather strange for a traveler to stop at midnight and not at the door of any hotel or private house, and you know it's our business to keep our eyes open, Sir. So I just kept mine on this man, and as he started up town I followed him, not close, you know, Sir, but at a respectful distance—not to intrude. It was a wild sort of night—cold and windy. The sky was full of driving clouds; but the moon was at the full, and I could see all he did a long way off. He was a young-looking fellow, slight built, and I knew that if any thing *was* wrong, as I didn't believe there was, that I could easily overhaul him. I noticed something a little queer about his walk. It was irregular, he would walk very slow a while as if he was going to sleep, and then he would start up and almost run and then stop again. But then he might have had a late supper somewhere, and that seemed like enough. Any way I watched him till he got to this crossing, just where you're standing, Sir, this minute, and he put his hand on the rail just as yours is as if he would go up. But the steps were barred. The work of tearing down the bridge had been commenced that very day, and the balcony on the upper side had been taken away; so to prevent any chance of accident the stairs were blocked. He seemed surprised to find it so, and I was, you may be sure, to see him, after waiting a moment, throw his valise over and then spring over the bars himself and walk up the stairs. Still he was quiet enough, and seemed to know what he was about. I called out to him to tell him that the railing was gone; but he paid no attention to my voice, though I was quite near enough for him to hear it, and just kept on up the stairs. Of course if it was his fancy to take a last look from the bridge by midnight it was no business of mine, and I thought that after he came down I would try it myself. I had got quite up to the bridge by the time he reached the top, and, not to let him think he was watched if he happened to notice me, I walked slowly on toward the Park; but turned when I got into the shade of St. Paul's and looked back. He was leaning against the railing on the lower side—just about there he stood, Sir, in the middle of the bridge, looking up town, or rather up at the moon. It was shining full on his face, and made it look ghastly and wild even from where I stood. Just then Trinity clock began to strike twelve. He raised his finger up this way as if counting the strokes, and—how would you have felt in my place, Sir?—just as the last one sounded he lifted both arms above his head, so! and rushing across the bridge before I saw what he was about, cried out, "Coming," and sprang! not as if he had any idea of falling—sprang up as if he expected to grasp something in his arms.

I tell you what, Sir, my head reeled with that scream, and that rush through the air, and that awful *thud* as his body struck the pavement. I've seen men killed in rows, and in the war, when every body about was screaming and yelling and fighting like devils, but that didn't sicken me like this. It didn't seem as if I could move at first, and then I rushed down the street to him like mad, striking my club on the pavement as I ran. He was dead, Sir—quite dead: he hadn't struck on his head, but his neck was broken by the concussion, and his face had the awfulest look you ever saw: the mouth and eyes wide open—ah! it makes my flesh crawl now to think of it. Just wild, staring madness, Sir. Assistance came up as I was working over him, and we carried him to the station-house, and then went back for the carpet-bag which he had left at the foot of the stairs. In that we found quite enough to identify him; his name and address in full—"Harry Mortimer Neilson, Closter, N. J."—on all his papers. A lot of confused accounts and long rows of large figures, with their totals set down as "$500,000 to my credit, verified by the Adder." Then a queer sort of diary that we couldn't make much head or tail of, and half a dozen tintypes of the bridge, with himself in each one.

We telegraphed to his friends, and his brother came down the next morning and identified him. The family wanted it kept quiet, and managed to somehow, though, of course, there had to be an inquest, and the verdict was what you might expect—Suicide, while laboring under insanity. His friends had not seemed to suspect him of it, though they had noticed some queer things about him for some time; especially some letters he had written about business that hinted at some wonderful speculations he had made. But it came out in the inquest that all the poor fellow's trouble was owing to that cursed bridge. He got a notion that every time he went on it he was haunted by a spirit, whose picture was taken looking over his shoulder every time that his was. He dwelt on the notion till it drove him mad, and led him to his death.

But you may believe that the hardest work ever given me was when I was detailed in citizen's dress to accompany his body home to his family. He seemed to have been the favorite son and brother, and he had one little sister that just took on so as to break one's heart to see her. She insisted that it was all her fault—that she had killed him, because she had asked him first to bring her a picture of the bridge, and he had had his own taken on it to please her. It was heart-breaking!

Oh, as to the pictures, Sir. Yes, it was curious; there was such a face in every one, just over his shoulder too. I kept one myself, and you can look at it; but that's easy enough explained. If he had had a clear enough brain to think of looking at the other ferreotypes, taken without him, he would have found the same in plenty of them. And nobody but a crazy man could help seeing what it is, especially in the later ones (they were all dated), where it was plainer. It was nothing more nor less than the face of one of them white statues on the new Bank building, taken through the crowd. If you like to try it you can get up this staircase yet without much trouble, and stand in the same position that he did that night, Sir, and see for yourself.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

Next-door neighbors have ever been fast friends or bitter enemies. They have either fought and died for each other—in very barbarous times, of course—or they have cut each other's throats; and the one thing, it is sad to say, they have done much oftener than the other. Strong hate seems, as a matter of course, to spring from close vicinity in these old times. The Capulets and the Montagues must have been next-door neighbors, though Shakspeare does not say so. Superficial people may think that Romeo and Juliet more than made up the feud; but deep thinkers will rather consider these gentle Veronese lovers as illustrious exceptions than as precedents at all affecting the two great laws of love and hate, which rule next-door neighborships. Besides, it is all very well to talk of the Romeo who takes poison and dies at his Juliet's feet.

With the progress of time and good-breeding, next-door neighbors have grown to be civilly affectionate or politely rancorous, and now, as a rule, the kissing, or the bickering, as the case may be, is carried out on the most moderate scale. When next-door neighbors meet, they bow to, or stare at, or cut each other as distantly as they well can do these things, and they generally walk through life as they mostly go to heaven, by roads that, having once met at right-angles, are never by any means to meet again, but go on widening and widening away till they flow into the great reconciling sea of death.

But still we meet every now and then, chiefly in small or out-of-the-way places, with instances of cruel hate or tender love, of bitter animosity or kind and brotherly offices, which bring back the old relation in its vivid aspect before us—modified, indeed, by change of manners, but still the same at heart. Such instances must be known to many; two will illustrate our meaning.

Two workmen were next-door neighbors in one of the London suburbs. They lived at peace for a whole year; then, the dog of one having flown at the child of the other, war was declared. Still, though embittered on both sides by wives and children, the contest was carried on languidly. But hate was there, passive and phlegmatic in one man, keen and active in the other, and, unluckily, strong in both. These men drank freely, and used to meet and quarrel at the same public house. It was inevitable that they should come to blows, and at length they did. The phlegmatic man, being much the stronger of the two, had no trouble in defeating his enemy. The worsted one was henceforth bent upon revenge, and chance, or his own ingenuity, gave him what he wanted. He came one evening to the usual haunt, his face still bearing the mark of the blow that had felled him. He drank his beer in surly silence; he bore with his foe's boastful looks and with the jeering of the by-standers; but when he went to pay his reckoning, and was waiting for his change, he said to the landlady:

"I owe you something, Mrs. Smith. Please to make it all square. That man," and he pointed a scornful forefinger at his enemy, "is a thief! I come here no more; that man is a thief. He got three months for robbing his master ten years back. Let him deny it—let him deny it!"

Pale, ghastly, and struck as by death, the wretched man stood there and denied nothing. They all stared, and he denied nothing. They looked askance at him, and he denied nothing. It was true. He had been a thief once—once only—for he was one of the very few men who, having thus fallen, rise out of and triumph over their sin. He was honest now, and therefore the discovery and the shame were too much for him. He slunk away with rage and grief in his heart, and was seen in the public house no more. Nor was this all. His story spread. His wife, on learning it, reviled him; his children got to be ashamed of him; the whole world he felt had in some sort turned against him. He could not bear this new lot. He rose early one morning, went out, and never came back. And the saddest part of this sad story is, that his triumphant enemy never repented his share in his neighbor's ruin.

These two men, who could have lived at peace so easily if they had but been a little farther apart, could not resist the opportunities for dislike and animosity which vicinity threw in their way. And what is true of hatred is happily also true of love. Natures which might have remained languidly wrapped up in self-indulgence forever, are roused to generous exertion and self-forgetfulness by the same close relation.

A few years ago there came to a little county town of England a lady whom we shall call Miss Jennings. This was not her name, indeed; but her story is a true one, and that is the only matter of interest in this case. She came to take possession of a little house and of a hundred a year, both of which she had inherited through the death of an uncle whom she had never seen, and who had never done her a kindness. She tried to mourn for him, and she could not. She also tried in her conscientiousness to be grateful to him; but she soon found out that her gratitude to the deceased was all for his dying just as she was worn out with labor. Miss Jennings was too honest to make-believe that she was grieving; she was too good to rejoice; so she put on black clothes, took a little maid-servant to wait upon her and to keep her company, and settled down in her own house for the first time in her life.

There is an age when selfishness is a delicious feeling, whatever moralists may say. Miss Jennings had been tossed about in London till home had lost its meaning for her. And now she had her own home, and she could live and die in it. For years she had gone out early and come in late, and now she could sit within the whole day long if it so pleased her. Instead of the three plants in flower-pots, which the first frost always killed, Miss Jennings had her own garden. And to make her happiness complete, Miss Jennings could now indulge in what had been the day-dream of her latter years—a painted glass window. It is all very well to deride such simple longings, but you see they often come when others depart. Miss Jennings had had brighter dreams once—dreams of husband, home, and children; and when these withered away before the chill breath of old Father Time, she took refuge in harmless fancies. Of these the painted glass window was the last, and Miss Jennings was a proud and happy woman when it was put up in the landing, and gold, and ruby, and sapphire hues fell on her staircase carpet. "I shall always think of my poor uncle when I look at that window," thought Miss Jennings in the warmth of her gratitude to the dead. And so she did think of the old gentleman, faithfully if not tenderly, and thus the little landing window got to be a sort of memorial window, and perhaps it was as true and as religious in its way as many of its more ambitious brethren displaying their dim gorgeousness in solemn old cathedrals.

This pleasant, selfish little life had lasted through the summer-time, and winter was beginning with a new series of delights, under the shape of cozy evenings by the fireside, a bright lamp on the table, and a three-volume novel in the fat, white hands of plump Miss Jennings, who leaned back in the most comfortable of arm-chairs to read it, when next-door neighbors stepped in and blotted out the fair picture. On a dreary snowy evening, when the wind, blowing so gustily without, made the comfort within doubly pleasant, Miss Jennings, who was gently nodding over a love scene, was roused by the intimations conveyed by her little maid—that Mr. Brown, the poor gentleman next door, whose wife was so ill, asked to speak to her. Mr. Brown's errand was a sad one; his dying wife wanted to see Miss Jennings, whom she had never spoken to, and for whom she had conceived a sick woman's fancy. Such wishes are not to be resisted; Miss Jennings at once put by her novel, rose, and followed Mr. Brown to the next house. She never forgot the scene that awaited her there; a disordered household, seven wobegone children, a most melancholy looking husband, and a dying woman, whose eyes burned like fire in her wasted face. At once she seized Miss Jennings's hand, and held it fast.

"I knew you would come," she whispered; "I knew you would; I am going to die; you know we are strangers here; my poor husband is a clerk at the bank, you know, and my poor children are all going to ruin. I know *you* will take care of them when I am gone; you are good—I know you will."

"My goodness!" cried Miss Jennings, looking around her in dismay. But the sick lady did not mind her. She kept on saying, "I know you will," as if it were the burden of a song; and still uttering those words, she died as ten struck that night. The fire was not out when Miss Jennings came home; the lamp still burned brightly; the open novel still lay on the table; the chair seemed to await its mistress, but Miss Jennings sighed drearily as she sank into it. Seven children! however would that poor nervous Mr. Brown, who was out all day, and did not know a soul in the place, how would he manage? Miss Jennings had not the least intention of accepting the dead lady's legacy, but still how would he manage, you know? He managed tolerably well, thanks to Miss Jennings. You see there was more love in her heart than she knew of, more tenderness than the painted glass window could absorb. At first she only went in to direct Mr. Brown's one servant, "until he should get some one," but that some one never coming, for many excellent reasons, Miss Jennings gave up that illusion, and said to herself that she must "give a look to poor Mr. Brown's children every now and then;" this, too, was another illusion. Miss Jennings found that children will not be looked at now and then, but require constant gazing. And so she looked at them so assiduously that the circulating library indignantly sent in for the second volume, and would rather decline Miss Jennings's subscription than have books kept so long, if you please. Indeed, there was Miss Jennings's angry rejoinder; they were welcome to the second volume, stupid trash! she remembered quite well she was falling asleep over it when poor Mr. Brown came in, and she had something else to do now—thank Heaven. So she had, good Miss Jennings; she had seven children to mind, and a house to take care of. Mr. Brown, a poor nervous man, in a state of chronic depression, thanked her much, and was apt to become overpowered with gratitude at times, but he did nothing to relieve her burden. "Poor fellow!" thought Miss Jennings, as she now and then gave him a wistful look, "he is as helpless as a baby, you know." And so he was, so much so that, spite Miss Jennings's vigilance, many matters would, and did, go wrong. The evils at length became so serious, and so crying, that Miss Jennings ventured on remonstrance. Mr. Brown groaned and knocked his head distractedly against the parlor mantle-piece, but said it could not be helped. They must all go to ruin, he and the children; it was very sad, but it must be so. "My goodness!" exclaimed Miss Jennings, he was not to say that! But Mr. Brown would say that Miss Jennings was very kind, but, of course, she could not be in two places at once, in her own house and in his; his dear wife had told him to marry again, by all means, but the poor dear soul had forgotten to say who would take a clerk of fifty-two, with a moderate salary and seven children, all under fifteen! And Mr. Brown closed his eyes in silent desperation at his case, and said no more.

Miss Jennings looked around her, much moved. Spite of all she had done and was doing, the parlor looked very comfortless, and the house, Miss Jennings knew, was like the parlor. Winter had long been over; the spring and the summer which had followed it had waned; another winter was beginning. She had given up every little enjoyment of her lonely life to this family. She had scolded the servant—she had mended the younger children's clothes—she taught the elder ones—they all loved her dearly, and Mr. Brown was very grateful; and still, either because his means were insufficient, or because his position was one of too great difficulty, there was some dreary truth in his gloomy assertion that they were all going to ruin. She gently touched his arm, and looking at him with tears in her eyes, and a little blush on her faded cheek, she said:

"Mr. Brown, I am fifty-one. I have a hundred a year, and the house I live in is my own. I love your children, and they love me—will you marry me?"

At first he started and could not believe his ears—then a burst of tears expressed his joy; and need it be said that he accepted Miss Jennings's proposal? Need it be said, too, what a world of good occurred to him and to his children thereby? And good Miss Jennings, like the man in our first instance, but with far better reason, never repented. For among the results of next-door neighborships may be numbered the matrimonial every now and then.

FETES OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

The Viceroy of Egypt celebrated the anniversary of his accession on January 18 by a series of festivities. A new palace, which is said to have cost about one million sterling, has been built by the Viceroy at Gezireh, opposite the more ancient part of the city of Cairo, and on the other bank of the Nile. It is designed partly in the Saracenic style, by Mr. Franz; and in all its architecture and decorations, external or internal, as well as in the furniture of its rooms, the most gorgeous taste is displayed. Here the Viceroy gave a grand ball to about 2500 persons, at the expense of $150,000. Their carriages passed across the broad river on a bridge of boats constructed for the occasion. The palace stands in a fine park, full of large trees and exotic plants, and which abounds in shady nooks and grottoes, splendid kiosks, statues, fountains, shrubberies, parterres full of the rarest flowers, aquariums, aviaries, and deer-inclosures, scattered all over the grounds. These were specially illuminated that night by thousands of gas-lights. In the palace all the superbly-furnished state-rooms had been thrown open. They contained an array of female beauty of almost every nationality, bedecked in the height of the Paris fashions, while the dresses of the gentlemen mingled diverse national, civil, and military garbs with the more sombre-looking evening dress.

A portion of the entertainments during the fêtes consisted of races, in which horses and other animals contended. The horse-race for the English cup was an exciting one. One race was a very interesting one of five miles, which was won by a well-known Arab horse called "Duquaron." But the most characteristic race was one with dromedaries, of which we give an illustration on page 165. It was a very long race; and the effect of the long robes of the Arabs who rode and the trappings of the animals flowing behind gave a picturesque appearance to the scene. A regatta was also held on Lake Timsah, which borders the town of Ismailia, the central station of the Suez Canal.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There are a larger number of Cubans in this city than is generally supposed; and many, desirous of avoiding the horrors of war, have recently deserted their native island. An association of Cuban ladies, called "Junta Patriotica de Cubanas," has been formed for the purpose of forwarding hospital supplies and other necessaries to the revolutionists in Cuba. It is said that a large number of volunteers, from this and other cities, have found their way to the disturbed island, and are now fighting in the revolutionary army. They have gone in small parties; but, if reports are true, no less than seven hundred [illegible] from this port alone.

The Italian Opera has been a decided success this season, if the attendance is any criterion. The artists are certainly worthy of public favor. Madame La Grange and Miss Kellogg are well known; and the fresh, sweet voices of Miss M'Culloch, Miss States, and Miss Durand are delightful to hear. Those who have listened to Brignoli, Boetti, Orlandini, Antonucci, and others, understand their excellence—at least they do if they are good judges of the quality of tone in the human voice.

A traveler in Greece, in a letter to the *Evening Post*, gives an interesting account of a visit to one of the largest Cretan schools in Athens, which has been established by American money. The proficiency of the pupils, their intelligence, neatness, and orderly demeanor, were remarkable. About three hundred Cretan children were taught in this school: but there are three other similar institutions, in all of which about a thousand pupils are daily gathered.

If at this time, when so much alarm is felt respecting hydrophobia, New York could import from Mississippi a wonderful "mad-stone" which abides in that State, what astonishing results might follow! It is said that a certain Colonel Milam, of Waterford, Miss., possesses a "mad-stone" about the size of a hen's egg. The stone was brought from China in the year 1810. About fifty years ago it was split in three or four pieces, but was carefully fastened together with a wire, which still performs its office. As to its virtues, Colonel Milam states that it has been applied with success in over one thousand cases, and has only failed in two, and in those the parts affected could not be successfully reached. He has used it himself over two hundred and fifty times. When applied it adheres as if by suction, and usually remains on ten or twelve hours. When the poison is all extracted the stone falls off. The stone is then soaked in warm water from twenty-four to thirty-six hours, when it becomes cleansed, and is again ready for use. Colonel Milam asserts that he can cure any case of dog, snake, or other bite, where madness or dissolution has not actually set in.

Grant and Colfax appear to be setting good examples. At a recent dinner given to General Grant, in Philadelphia, fifty gentlemen were present. But two were noticed to refrain from the use of liquor, and those two were General Grant and a well-known Philadelphia merchant. Mr. Colfax is said to entertain his friends at his numerous receptions without wine being considered necessary to add to the enjoyment; and this is something remarkable at Washington receptions.

A Peruvian mummy, which was thrown up by the convulsions of the earthquake near Arica last year, is now in possession of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. It had been buried, with many others, in a cemetery facing the sea. It was in a sitting posture, and has certain artificial deformities of the skull, which were probably produced by compression in infancy. Various opinions are held as to the age of this mummy.

An advertiser for a wife received an answer which pleased him, and a correspondence grew up which resulted in an engagement, made before the parties had seen each other, and upon knowledge derived from letters only. In course of time the gentleman arrived at the lady's residence for a personal interview preliminary to the ceremony. He was ushered by the servant into a spacious and elegant parlor to await the appearance of Miss L——, for whom he inquired. Shortly a very neat and intelligent colored girl entered the room.

Gentleman. "It is Miss L—— I want to see."

Colored Lady. "I am Miss L——."

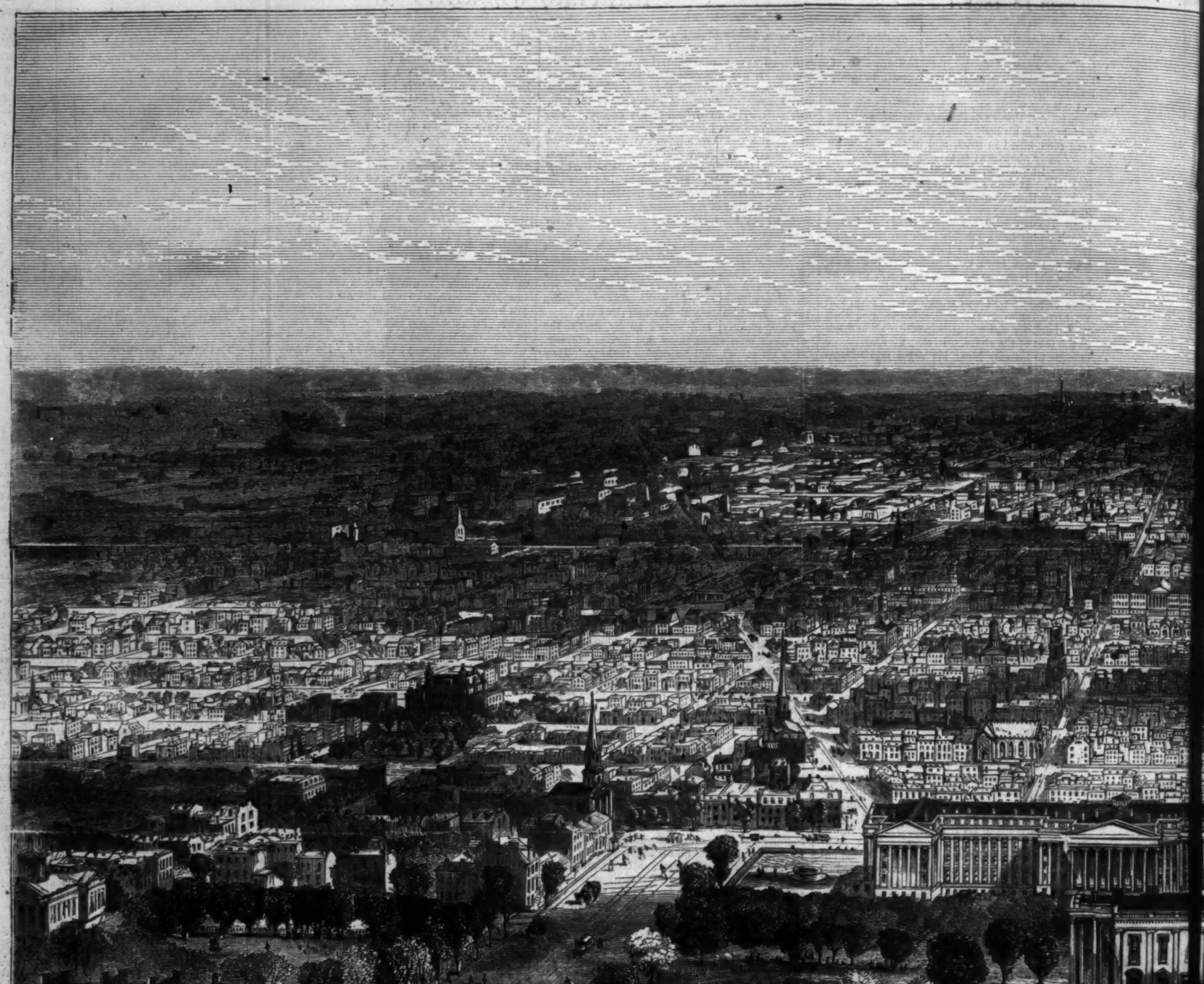
Gentleman. "Under the circumstances you will not expect me to fulfill the engagement."

Colored Lady. "Why, you will recollect I wrote you *that I had a dark complexion!*"

Maine has been blockaded by snow and ice. The fall of snow has been so heavy that on some branches of the Androscoggin Railroad locomotion with locomotives has been impossible, and for several days no engine could force its way through the roads.

A Western editor does not approve of the poem "Enoch Arden." He thinks it has encouraged "hundreds of dead husbands to return and annoy their families."

An extraordinary story is related in the Newark *Courier* of a man employed by a large firm as lumber agent, being seized by a severe attack of neuralgia, becoming temporarily insane, and in his frenzy throwing $40,000 into the fire. The money had been put in the bottom of a trunk for safe-keeping over Sunday, the design being to deposit it in the bank on Monday. The insane fit, which resulted in the destruction of a fortune, occurred on Sunday evening.


The Corcoran Art Building.
Franklin School.
War Department.
Treasury Department.
Patent Office.
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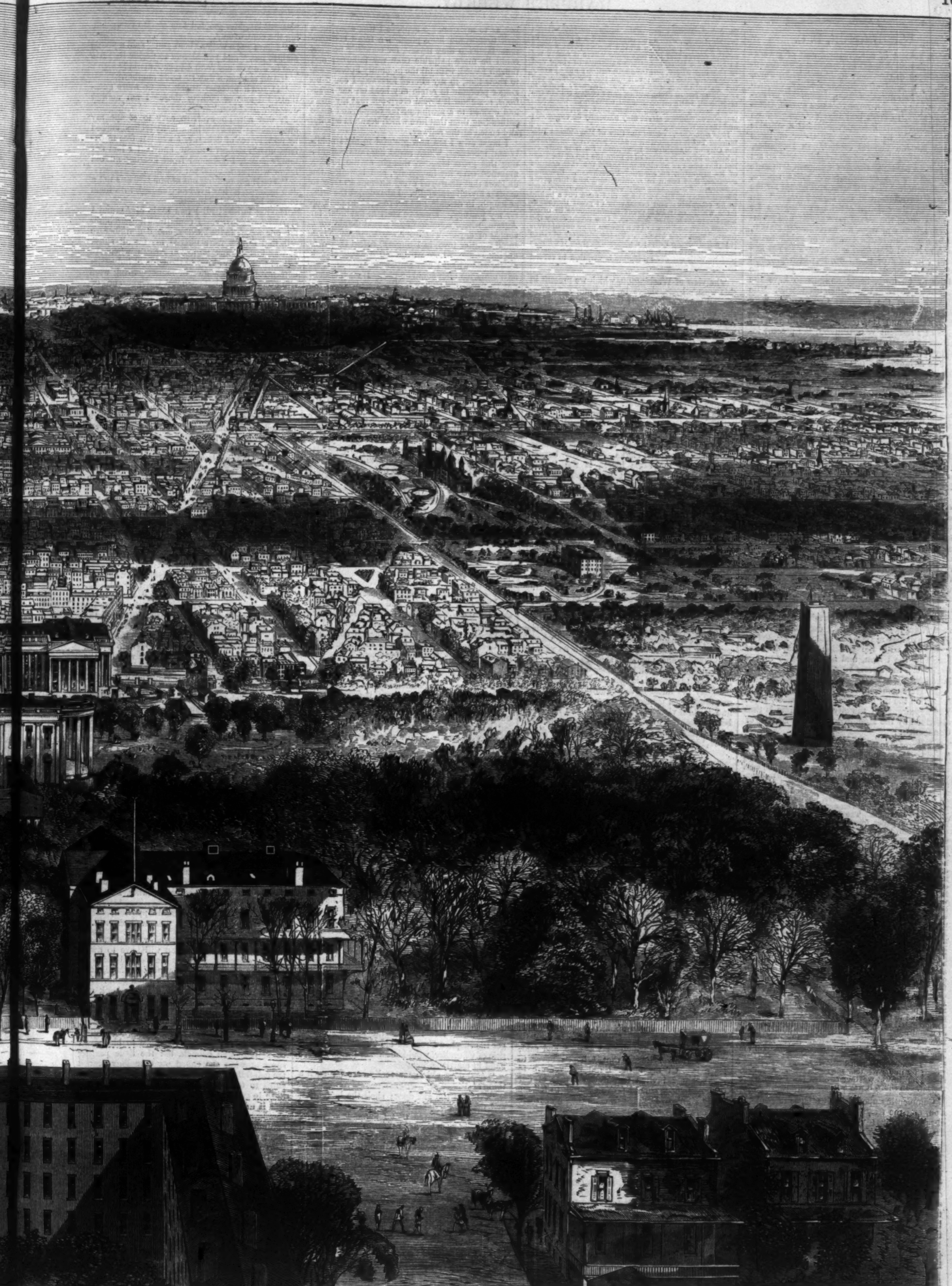
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.—SKET


Post-Office.
Winder Building.
Navy Department.
Smithsonian Institute.
Agricultural Bureau.
General Grant's Head-Quarters.
Navy Yard.
Washington Monument.

Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 170.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The subject of a permanent seat of government was first debated in Congress after the insult offered to that body in Philadelphia, June, 1783, by a band of mutinous soldiers, who assailed the hall during session, demanding arrearages of pay; and a resolution was passed, October 7, 1783, to erect buildings for Congress on the Delaware or Potomac, provided a suitable district could be procured on either of those rivers for the Federal capital. In December, 1788, the Legislature of Maryland passed an act authorizing her members of Congress "to cede any district, not exceeding ten miles square, which Congress may fix upon and accept for the seat of Government of the United States." In 1789 Virginia ceded a district to Congress for the location of the seat of government, and promised to advance moneys, not exceeding $120,000, to be expended in the erection of public buildings, provided Maryland should advance not less than two-fifths of that sum, to which proposal Maryland acceded. Other States made like offers of territory, being anxious to have the seat of government within their boundaries. The bickerings of the different Congressmen were finally settled by an arrangement effected by Jefferson and Hamilton, and, with the advice of President Washington, the present location of the District was selected, Washington himself defining the boundaries.

The advantage of this location for a city had been noticed by Washington when a youthful surveyor of the country round. He encamped with Braddock's forces on the hill now occupied by the Observatory, which was long known as Camp Hill from this circumstance. His earnest desire that the seat of government should be located here is said also to have had great influence in the decision of Congress. Washington directed Major L'Enfant in planning the city; and, finding him somewhat arbitrary and refractory, he appointed Andrew Ellicott in his place.

In laying out the plan of the city Mr. Ellicott drew a meridional line, by astronomical observation, through the area intended for the Capitol, and upon this basis laid off two sets of streets, intersecting each other at right angles, and distinguished by letters and numbers. The streets running north and south are numbered, and those running east and west are lettered, taking the Capitol as a starting-point. Avenues were then projected, cutting the streets at various angles, and connecting the most prominent and favorable points of the city—the avenues intersecting each other and forming open spaces at certain points previously determined upon. These avenues are named after and located to correspond with the position of the different States in the Union, and are from 130 to 160 feet wide; the streets vary from 90 to 110 feet in width.

Congress commenced its first session in Washington on the third Monday of November, 1800. The appearance of the city at that time is thus described by the Hon. John Cotton Smith, of Connecticut:

> Our approach to the city was accompanied with sensations not easily described. One wing of the Capitol only had been erected, which, with the President's house, a mile distant from it, both constructed with white sandstone, were shining objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them. Instead of recognizing the avenues and streets portrayed on the plan of the city, not one was visible, unless we except a road, with two buildings on each side of it, called the New Jersey Avenue. The Pennsylvania, leading, as laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the Presidential mansion, was then nearly the whole distance a deep morass, covered with alder bushes, which were cut through the width of the intended avenue during the then ensuing winter. Between the President's house and Georgetown a block of houses had been erected, which then bore, and may still bear, the name of the *six buildings*. There were also two other blocks, consisting of two or three dwelling-houses, in different directions, and now and then an insulated wooden habitation—the intervening spaces, and indeed the surface of the city generally, being covered with shrub oak bushes on the higher grounds, and on the marshy soil either trees or some sort of shrubbery. Nor was the desolate aspect of the place a little augmented by a number of unfinished edifices at Greenleaf's Point, and on an eminence a short distance from it, commenced by an individual whose name they bore, but the state of whose funds compelled him to abandon them, not only unfinished but in a ruinous condition. There appeared to be but two really comfortable habitations in all respects within the bounds of the city, one of which belonged to Dudley Carroll, Esq., and the other to Notley Young, who were the former proprietors of a large proportion of the land appropriated to the city, but who reserved for their own accommodation ground sufficient for gardens and other useful appurtenances. The roads in every direction were muddy and unimproved. A sidewalk was attempted in one instance by a covering formed of the chips of the stones which had been hewn for the Capitol. It extended but a little way, and was of little value; for in dry weather the sharp fragments cut our shoes, and in wet weather covered them with white mortar. In short, it was a "new settlement."

Commenting upon the advantages of the location, and the frequent efforts made to effect its change, he says: "We must acknowledge that its selection by Washington as the permanent seat of the Federal Government affords a striking exhibition of the discernment, wisdom, and forecast which characterized that illustrious man. Under this impression, whenever, during the six years of my connection with Congress, the question of removing the seat of government to some other place was agitated—and the proposition was frequently made—I stood almost alone as a Northern man in giving my vote in the negative."

Mr. Dickens, in his "American Notes," thus describes the appearance of the National Capital in 1842:

> Here is Washington, fresh in my mind, and under my eye.
>
> Take the worst parts of the City Road and Pentonville, or the straggling outskirts of Paris, where the houses are smallest, preserving all their oddities, but especially the small shops and dwellings, occupied in Pentonville (but not in Washington) by furniture-brokers, keepers of poor eating-houses, and fanciers of birds. Burn the whole down; build it up again in wood and plaster; widen it a little; throw in part of St. John's Wood; put green blinds outside all the private houses, with a red curtain and a white one in every window; plow up all the roads; plant a great deal of coarse turf in every place where it ought *not* to be; erect three handsome buildings in stone and marble any where, but the more entirely out of every body's way the better; call one the Post-Office, one the Patent-Office, and one the Treasury; make it scorching hot in the morning, and freezing cold in the afternoon, with an occasional tornado of wind and dust; leave a brick-field, without the bricks, in all central places where a street may naturally be expected; and that's Washington.
>
> It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances; but it might with greater propriety be termed the City of Magnificent Intentions: for it is only on taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the Capitol that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector, an aspiring Frenchman. Spacious avenues, that begin in nothing and lead nowhere: streets, mile long, that only want houses, roads, and inhabitants; public buildings that need but a public to be complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament—are its leading features. One might fancy the season over, and most of the houses gone out of town forever with their masters. To the admirers of cities it is a Barmecide Feast; a pleasant field for the imagination to rove in; a monument raised to a deceased project, with not even a legible inscription to record its departed greatness.

The view of Washington, which we present in this week's issue, shows in the immediate foreground many of the most interesting edifices of the city. The modest brick building at the right of the picture has been for some time the head-quarters of General Grant. Across the street, at the left, is the Winder building, occupied by the numerous offices of clerks of the different departments, which, from the limited space in the departmental buildings, could not be located in their proper edifices. The second house to the left was formerly the head-quarters of Lieutenant-General Scott. At the extreme left of the picture is seen the building erected by the wealthy banker W. C. Corcoran, and by him dedicated to art. This building is at present made use of for the offices of the Quarter-Master-General and his clerks. Directly beyond this, and in the same block, is the "Blair Home." Vice-President Colfax has his present home also in this block, fronting upon the square. Across Pennsylvania Avenue, to the right, is the War Department; still further to the right stands the Navy Department, and above and beyond is the White House with its conservatory and well laid out grounds; beyond this lies the Treasury Department, from which looking down the Avenue is seen the Capitol with its extensive grounds. Beyond the Treasury, nearly half a mile distant, are the Patent and General Post offices. The large building located at some distance to the left of these, and somewhat nearer the fore-ground, is the Franklin School, a large edifice located at the west of a fine square of the same name. A distant view of the Potomac is given on the right, where, too, may be seen the Navy-yard with its various ship-houses and machine-shops. Across the eastern branch of the Potomac, upon which the Navy-yard is located, is seen the Insane Asylum, probably the finest in the country. Altogether our illustration presents the most comprehensive and faithful view of the Capital that has ever been presented to the public.—The population of Washington in the census of 1860 is set down as 61,122.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XXV.

"ON THE ROAD" IN CROATIA.

I passed half the night that followed in writing to my mother. It was a very long epistle, but, in my fear lest, like so many others, it should not ever reach her, it was less expansive and candid than I could have wished. Sara's name did not occur throughout, and yet it was Sara's image was before me as I wrote, and to connect my mother in interest for Sara was my uppermost thought. Without touching on details that might awaken pain, I told how I had been driven to attempt something for my own support, and had not failed.

"I am still," I wrote, "where I started, but in so far a different position that I am now well looked on and trusted, and at this moment about to set out on a mission of importance. If I should succeed in doing what I am charged with, it will go far to secure my future, and then, dearest mother, I will go over to fetch you, for I will no longer live without you."

I pictured the place I was living in, and its climate, as attractively as I was able, and said, what I verily believed, that I hoped never to leave it. Of my father I did not venture to speak, but I invited her, if the course of our correspondence should prove assured, to tell me freely all about her present condition, and where and how she was.

"You will see, dear mother," said I, in conclusion, "that I write in all the constraint of one who is not sure who may read him. Of the accident by which the address I now give this letter reached me I will tell when I write again. Meanwhile, though I shall not be here to receive it at once, write to me, to the care of Hodnig and Oppovich, and add, 'to be forwarded.'"

I inclosed a little photograph of the town, as seen from the bay, and though ill done and out of drawing, it still conveyed some notion of the pretty little spot with its mountain frame-work.

I had it in my head to write another letter, and, indeed, made about a dozen attempts to begin it. It was to Pauline. Nothing but very boyishness could have ever conceived such a project, but I thought—it was very simple of me!—I thought I owed it to her, and to my own loyalty, to declare that my heart had wandered from its first allegiance, and fixed its devotion on another. I believed—I was young enough to believe it—that I had won her affections, and I felt it would be dishonorable in me to deceive her as to my own. I suppose I was essaying a task that would have puzzled a more consummate tactician than myself, for certainly nothing could be more palpable than my failures; and though I tried, with all the ingenuity I possessed, to show that, in my altered fortunes, I could no longer presume to retain any hold on her affections, somehow it would creep out that my heart had opened to a sentiment far deeper and more enthralling than that love which began in a polka and ended at the railway.

I must own I am now grateful to my stupidity and ineptness, which saved me from committing this great blunder, though, at the time, I mourned over my incapacity, and bewailed the dullness that destroyed every attempt I made to express myself gracefully. I abandoned the task, at length, in despair, and set to work to pack up for my journey. I was to start at daybreak for Agram, where some business would detain me a couple of days. Thence I was to proceed to a small frontier town in Hungary, called Ostovitz, on the Drave, where we owned a forest of oak scrub, and which I was empowered to sell, if an advantageous offer could be had. If such should not be forthcoming, my instructions were to see what water-power existed in the neighborhood to work saw-mills, and to report fully on the price of labor, and the means of conveyance to the coast. If I mention these details, even passingly, it is but to show the sort of work that was intrusted to me, and how naturally my pride was touched at feeling how great and important were the interests confided to my judgment. In my own esteem, at least, I was somebody. This sentiment, felt in the freshness of youth, is never equaled by any thing one experiences of triumph in after-life, for none of our later successes come upon hearts joyous in the day-spring of existence, hopeful of all things, and, above all, hearts that have not been jarred by envy, and made discordant by ungenerous rivalry.

There was an especial charm, too, in the thought that my life was no everyday commonplace existence, but a strange series of ups and downs, changes and vicissitudes calling for continual watchfulness, and no small amount of energy; in a word, I was a hero to myself, and it is wonderful what a degree of interest can be imparted to life simply by that delusion. My business at Agram was soon dispatched. No news of the precarious condition of our "house" had reached this place, and I was treated with all the consideration due to the confidential agent of a great firm. I passed an evening in the society of the town, and was closely questioned whether Carl Bettmeyer had got over his passion for the Fräulein Sara; or was she showing any disposition to look more favorably on his addresses. What fortune Oppovich could give his daughter, and what sort of marriage he aspired to for her, were all discussed. There was one point, however, all were agreed upon, that nothing could be done without the consent of the "Baron," as they distinctively called the great financier of Paris, whose sway, it appeared, extended not only to questions of trade and money, but to every relation of domestic life.

"They say," cried one, "that the Baron likes Bettmeyer, and has thrown some good things in his way of late."

"He gave him a share in that new dock contract at Pola."

"And he means to give him the directorship of the Viecovar line, if it ever be made."

"He'll give him Sara Oppovich for a wife," said a third; "and that's a better speculation than them all. Two millions of florins at least."

"She's the richest heiress in Croatia."

"And doesn't she know it!" exclaimed another. "The last time I was up at Fiume, old Ignaz apologized for not presenting me to her, by saying, 'Yesterday was her reception-day; if you are here next Wednesday, I'll introduce you.'"

"I thought it was only the nobles had the custom of reception-days."

"Wealth is nobility, nowadays, and if Ignaz Oppovich was not a Jew he might have the best blood of Austria for a son-in-law."

The discussion soon waxed warm as to whether Jews did or did not aspire to marriage with Christians of rank—the majority opining to believe that they placed title and station above even riches, and that no people had such an intense appreciation of the value of condition as the Hebrew.

"That Frenchman who was here the other day, Marsac, told me that the man who could get the Stephen Cross for old Oppovich, and the title of Chevalier, would be sure of his daughter's hand in marriage."

"And does old Ignaz really care for such a thing?"

"No, but the girl does; she's the haughtiest and the vainest damsel in the province."

It may be believed that I found it very hard to listen to such words as these in silence; but it was of the last importance that I should not make what is called an éclat, or bring the name of Oppovich needlessly forward for town talk and discussion: I therefore repressed my indignation, and appeared to take little interest in the conversation.

"You've seen the Fräulein, of course?" asked one of me.

"To be sure he has, and has been permitted to kneel and kiss her hand on her birthday," broke in another.

And while some declared that this was mere exaggeration and gossip, others averred that they had been present and witnessed this act of homage themselves.

"What has this young gentleman seen of this hand kissing?" said a lady of the party, turning to me.

"That it was always an honor conferred even more than a homage rendered, Madam," said I, stepping forward and kissing her hand; and a pleasant laughter greeted this mode of concluding the controversy.

"I have got a wager about you," said a young man to me, "and you alone can decide it. Are you or are you not from Upper Austria?"

"And are you a Jew?" cried another.

"If you'll promise to ask me no more questions, I'll answer both of these—I am neither Jew nor Austrian."

It was not, however, so easy to escape my questioners; but as their curiosity seemed curbed by no reserves of delicacy, I was left free to defend myself as best I might, and that I had not totally failed, I gathered from hearing an old fellow whisper to another:

"You'll get nothing out of him: if he's not a Jew by birth, he has lived long enough with them to keep his mind to himself."

Having finished all I had to do at Agram, I started for Ostovitz. I could find no purchaser for our wood, indeed every one had timber to sell, and forests were offered me on all sides. It was just at that period in Austria when the nation was first waking to thoughts of industrial enterprise, and schemes of money-getting were rife every where; but such was the ignorance of the people, so little versed were they in affairs, that they imagined wealth was to pour down upon them for the wishing, and that Fortune asked of her votaries neither industry nor thrift.

Perhaps I should not have been led into these reflections here if it were not that I had embodied them, or something very like them, in a dispatch I sent off to Sara—a dispatch on which I had expended all my care to make it a master-piece of fine writing and acute observation. I remember how I expatiated on the disabilities of race, and how I dwelt upon the vices of those lethargic temperaments of Eastern origin which seemed so wanting in all that energy and persistence which form the life of commerce.

This laborious essay took me an entire day to write, but when I had posted it at night I felt I had done a very grand thing, not only as an intellectual effort, but as a proof to the Fräulein how well I knew how to restrict myself within the limits of my duties; for not a sentence, not a syllable, had escaped me throughout to recall thoughts of any thing but business. I had asked for certain instructions about Hungary, and on the third day came the following, in Sara's hand:

"Herr Digby,—There is no mention in your esteemed letter of the 4th November of Kraus's acceptance, nor have you explained to what part of Heydäger's contract Hanser now objects. Freights are still rising here, and it would be imprudent to engage in any operations that involve exportation. Gold is also rising, and the Bank discount goes daily higher. I am obliged to you for your interesting remarks on ethnology, though I am low-minded enough to own I could have read with more pleasure whether the floods in the Drave have interfered with the rafts, and also whether these late rains have damaged the newly-sown crops.

"If you choose to see Pesth and Buda you will have time, for Count Hunyadi will not be at his château till nigh Christmas; but it is important you should see him immediately on his arrival, for his intendant writes to say that the Graf has invited a large party of friends to pass the festival with him, and will not attend to any business matters while they remain. Promptitude will be therefore needful. I have nothing to add to your instructions already given. Although I have not been able to consult my father, whose weakness is daily greater, I may say that you are empowered to make a compromise, if such should seem advisable; and your drafts shall be duly honored, if, time pressing, you are not in a position to acquaint us with details.

"The weather here is fine now. I passed yesterday at Abazzia, and the place was looking well. I believe the archduke will purchase it, and though sorry on some accounts, I shall be glad on the whole.

"For Hodnig and Oppovich,
"Sara Oppovich.

"Of course if Count Hunyadi will not transact business on his arrival, you will have to await his convenience. Perhaps the interval could be profitably passed in Transylvania, where, it is said, the oak-bark is both cheap and good. See to this if opportunity serves. Bieli's book and maps are worth consulting."

If I read this epistle once, I read it fifty times, but I will not pretend to say with what strange emotions. All the dry reference to business I could bear well enough, but the little passing sneer at what she called my ethnology piqued me painfully. Why should she have taken such pains to tell me that nothing that did not lend itself to gain could have any interest for her? or was it to say that these topics alone were what should be discussed between us? Was it to recall me to my station, to make me remember in what relation I stood to her, she wrote thus? These were not the natures I had read of in Balsac! the creatures all passion, and soul, and sentiment; women whose atmosphere was positive enchantment, and whose least glance, or word, or gesture, would inflame the heart to very madness; and yet, was it not in Sara to become all this? Were those deep lustrous eyes that looked away into space longingly, dreamfully, dazingly—were they meant to pore over wearisome columns of dry arithmetic, or not rather to give back in recognition what they had got in rapture, and to look as they were looked into?

Was it, as a Jewess, that my speculations about race had offended her? had I expressed myself carelessly or ill? I had often been struck by a smile she would give, not scornful, nor slighting, but something that seemed to say, "These thoughts are not *our* thoughts, nor are these ways our ways;" but in her silent fashion she would make no remark, but be satisfied to shadow forth some half dissent by a mere trembling of the lip.

She had passed a day at Abazzio—of course, alone—wandering about that delicious spot, and, doubtless, recalling memories, for any one of which I had given my life's-blood. And would she not bestow a word—one word—on these? Why not say, she as much as remembered me; that it was there we first met! Sure, so much might have been said, or at least hinted at, in all harmlessness? I had done nothing, written nothing, to bring rebuke upon me. I had taken no liberty; I had tried to make the dry detail of a business letter less wearisome by a little digression, not wholly out of apropos; that was all.

Was this the Hebrew heart bent solely on gain? And yet what grand things did the love of these women inspire in olden times, and what splendid natures were theirs! How true and devoted, how self-sacrificing! Sara's beautiful face, in all its calm loveliness, rose before me as I thought these things, and I felt that I loved her more than ever.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN HUNGARY.

IT still wanted several weeks of Christmas, and so I hastened off to Pesth, and tried to acquire some little knowledge of Hungarian, and some acquaintance with the habits and ways of Hungarian life. I am not sure that I made much progress in any thing but the "Csardas"—the national dance—in which I soon became a proficient. Its stately solemnity suddenly changing for a lively movement; its warlike gestures and attitudes; its haughty tramp and defiant tone; and, last of all, its whirlwind impetuosity and passion—all emblems of the people who practice it—possessed a strange fascination for me; and I never missed a night of those public balls where it was danced.

Toward the middle of December, however, I bethought me of my mission, and set out for Gross Wardein, which lay a long distance off, near the Transylvanian frontier. I had provided myself with one of the wicker carriages of the country, and traveled post, usually having three horses harnessed abreast, or, where there was much up-hill, a team of five.

I mention this, for I own that the exhilaration of speeding along at the stretching gallop of these splendid "juckers," tossing their wild manes madly, and ringing out their myriads of bells, was an ecstasy of delight almost maddening. Over and over, as the excited driver would urge his beast to greater speed by a wild, shrill cry, have I yelled out in concert with him, carried away by an intense excitement I could not master.

On the second day of the journey we left the region of roads, and usually directed our course by some church spire or tower in the distance, or followed the bank of a river when not too devious. This headlong swoop across fields and prairies, dashing madly on in what seemed utter recklessness, was glorious fun; and when we came to cross the small bridges which span the streams, without rail or parapet at either side, and where the deviation of a few inches would have sent us headlong into the torrent beneath, I felt a degree of blended terror and delight such as one experiences in the mad excitement of a fox-hunt.

On the third morning I discovered on awaking that a heavy fall of snow had occurred during the night, and we were forced to take off our wheels and place the carriage on sledge-slides. This alone was wanting to make the enjoyment perfect, and our pace from this hour became positively steeple-chasing. Lying back in my ample fur mantle, and my hands inclosed in a fur muff, I accepted the salutations of the villagers as we swept along, or blandly raised my hand to my cap as some wearied guard would hurriedly turn out to present arms to a supposed "magnate;" for we were long out of the beat of usual travel, and rarely any but some high official of the state was seen to come "extra post," as it is called, through these wild regions.

Up to Izarous the country had been a plain, slightly, but very slightly, undulating. Here, however, we got among the mountains, and the charm of scenery was now added to the delight of the pace. On the fifth day I learned, and not without sincere regret, that we were within seven German miles—something over thirty of ours—from Gross Wardein, from which the Hunyadi Schloss only lay about fifty miles.

Up to this I had been, to myself at least, a "Grand Seigneur," traveling for his pleasure, careless of cost, and denying himself nothing; splendid generosity, transmitted from each postillion to his successor, secured me the utmost speed his beasts could master, and the impetuous dash with which we spun into the arched doorways of the inns, routed the whole household, and not unfrequently summoned the guests themselves to witness the illustrious arrival. A few hours more and the grand illusion would dissolve! No more the wild stretching gallop, cutting the snow-drift; no more the clear bells, ringing through the frosty air; no more the eager landlord bustling to the carriage-side with his flagon of heated wine; no more that burning delight imparted by speed, a sense of power that actually intoxicates. Not one of these! A few hours more and I should be Herr Owen, traveling for the house of Hodnig and Oppovich, banished to the company of bagmen, and reduced to a status where whatever life has of picturesque or graceful is made matter for vulgar sarcasm and ridicule. I know well, ye gentlemen who hold a station fixed and unassailable will scarcely sympathize with me in all this; but the castle-builders of this world, and happily they are a large class, will lend me all their pity—well aware that so long as imagination honors the drafts upon her, the poor man is never bankrupt, and that it is only as illusions dissolve he sees his insolvency.

I reached Gross Wardein to dinner, and passed the night there, essaying, but with no remarkable success, to learn something of Count Hunyadi, his habits, age, temper, and general demeanor. As my informants were his countrymen, I could only gather that his qualities were such as Hungarians held in esteem. He was proud, brave, costly in his mode of life, splendidly hospitable, and a thorough sportsman. As to what he might prove in matters of business, if he would even stoop to entertain such at all, none could say—the very thought seemed to provoke a laugh.

"I once attempted a deal with him," said an old farmer-like man at the fireside. "I wanted to buy a team of 'juckers' he drove into the yard here, and was rash enough to offer five hundred florins for what he asked eight. He did not even vouchsafe me an answer, and almost drove over me the next day as I stood at the side of the gate there."

"That was like Tassilo," said a Hungarian, with flashing eyes.

"He served you right," cried another. "None but a German would have offered him such a rudeness."

"Not but he's too ready with his heavy whip," muttered an old soldier-like fellow. "He might chance to strike where no words would efface the welt."

Stories of Hunyadi's extravagance and eccentricity now poured in on all sides. How he had sold an estate to pay the cost of an imperial visit that lasted a week; how he had driven a team of four across the Danube on the second day of the frost, when a heavy man could have smashed the ice by a stamp of his foot; how he had killed a boar in single combat, though it cost him three fingers of his left hand, and an awful flesh-wound in the side; and numberless other feats of daring and recklessness were recorded by admiring narrators, who finished by a loud "Elyen" to his health.

I am not sure that I went away to my bed feeling much encouraged at the success of my mission, or very hopeful of what I should do with this magnate of Hungary.

By daybreak, I was again on the road. The journey led through a wild mountain pass, and was eminently interesting and picturesque; but I was no longer so open to enjoyment as before, and serious thoughts of my mission now oppressed me, and I grew more nervous and afraid of failure. If this haughty Graf were the man they represented him, it was just as likely he would refuse to listen to me at all; nor was the fact a cheering one that my client was a Jew, since nowhere is the race less held in honor than in Hungary.

As day began to decline, we issued forth into a vast plain into which a mountain spur projected like a bold promontory into the sea. At the very extremity of this a large mass, which might be rock, seemed to stand out against the sky. "There, yonder," said the postillion, pointing toward it with his whip; "that is Schloss Hunyadi. There's three hours good gallop yet before us."

A cold snow-drift borne on a wind that at times brought us to a stand-still, or even drove us to seek shelter by the wayside, now set in, and I was fain to roll myself in my furs and lie snugly down on the hay in the "wagen," where I soon fell asleep; and though we had a change of horses, and I must have managed somehow to settle with the postillion and hand him his "trink geld"—I was conscious of nothing till awakened by the clanking sound of a great bell, when I started up and saw we had driven into a spacious court-yard, in which, at an immense fire, a number of people were seated, while others bustled about harnessing or unharnessing horses. "Here we are, Herr Graf!" cried my postillion, who called me Count in recognition of the handsome way I had treated his predecessor. "This is Schloss Hunyadi."

HOSPITALITY.

THE man of hospitable mind is known by his signs and tokens. Nothing is more characteristic in its way than a stranger's reception of a stranger. The hospitable man at once assumes that you are a friend, and that you come with a friendly intent. He salutes you with a kindly smile and a ready grasp. He only incidentally asks you the reason of your call, or rather waits till you yourself disclose it. He offers you every hospitality which he thinks you can require, not obtrusively, but with manifest courtesy, and the desire that you should avail yourself of every thing within reach. If your errand happens to be unwelcome, that only redoubles the solicitous kindness of your own personal welcome, and you see that there is kindly consideration in all his thoughts respecting you.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

THE announcement that DULCE is to be succeeded as Captain-General of Cuba by General DE RODA does not indicate very strong confidence on the part of the Spanish Government in the speedy suppression of the insurrection in that island. LERSUNDI was deposed because he was too intimately associated with the Bourbon *régime*. DULCE took his place, and began his administration by the introduction of liberal reforms, the establishment of the freedom of the press, and the offer of general amnesty. But indulgence proved no more effective against the rebels than severity had; and even DULCE began too late to see and correct his mistake. Probably it would have been wiser for Spain to have allowed him to pursue his new policy. The succession of DE RODA—the real author of the sanguinary conflicts in Cadiz—will only tend to further inflame the passions of the Cuban rebels, and to widen the circle of their power.

As we intimated last week the great want of the rebels is arms. On page 172 we give an illustration of the manner in which this want is surreptitiously supplied. Apart from its fidelity as a pictorial representation of an actual fact, this engraving possesses rare artistic merits. The silence and secrecy of the night-attempt, and the grim determination with which it is carried out, give a wonderful effectiveness to the picture.

GREENWOOD IN WINTER.

ALL dressed in snow; a giant shroud
Is folded on each grave,
And crystals bright of frozen rain
The narrow walks now pave.
The cold wind whistles from the bay
Through gate and leafless tree,
And far away from dust of rose
Flies the bright honey-bee.
And down beneath the snowy shroud
The sleepers coldly lie,
And sentinels of marble forms
Stand cold and silent by.
What care they for the leafless tree,
The whistling wind or snow?
The peaceful rest of roseless cheeks
Is not disturbed below.
And soon the giant shroud of snow
The warm young Spring will fold,
And where the dress of Winter trailed
Will spring some flowers of gold.
And down below the nursing snow
The violet hides its blooms,
And early through the springing grass
Will breathe its soft perfumes.
And down below the nursing snow
The roses hide their leaves,
As in the mantles of the frost
The wheat is keeping sheaves.
And thus beneath, in holy graves,
Where friend and lover sleep,
Are faces, snowy, cold, and pale,
Beneath the winter sleet.
Though frosty shrouds of death be there,
Yet Spring will come erewhile,
And bid from Winter's frozen lips
The warm and gladdening smile.
As roses burst in April noons,
As violets through the snow,
As silvery streams from ice-bound rills
In gushing radiance go—
So from the sleep in coldest graves
Will friend and lover come,
When in the morn of God's sweet Spring
He bids his children home.
The snow of Winter is the type
Of Death, where all is cold—
So blooming flowers and green of Spring
Are types of Life untold.
The Life that brings to chilly cheeks
That faded early here
The bloom and dimples they had lost
Upon the darkened bier;
And sweeter than the violet's breath,
Or roses of the May,
Will be the kisses, long lost here
In that last Greenwood day.
What though the snows on Greenwood fell,
Nor its red roses bloomed,
The loving faces we had kissed
At last the Spring untombed.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE CANINE FANCY—Too often the calf of one's leg.

"Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to a daughter who was on the point of getting married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate young girl, who was already dressed for the wedding; "these are his last wishes!"

HOW HE WHIPPED HIM.

A lad, narrating a street-fight in which he had been engaged, said:

"I'll tell you how it was. You see, Bill and me went down to the wharf to fish; and I felt in my pocket and found my knife, and it was gone; and I said, Bill, you stole my knife; and he said I was another; and I said go there yourself; and he said it was no such thing; and I said he was a liar, and could whip him if I was bigger'n him; and he said he'd rock me to sleep, mother; and I said he was a bigger one; and he said I never had the measles; and I said for him to fork over that knife, or I'd fix him for a tombstone at Laurel Hill; and he said my grandmother was no gentleman; and I said he dersen't take it up; but he did, you bet; you never—well, you never did; then I got up again, and said he was too much afraid to do it again; and he tried to, but he didn't; and I grabbed him and throwed him down on the top of me like several bricks; and I tell you it beat all—and so did he; and my little dog got behind Bill and bit him; and Bill kicked at the dog, and the dog ran, and I ran after the dog to fetch him back, and I didn't catch him till I got clear home; and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye very black?"

"To skate, or not to skate," but if you do, is it best to fall in? This skater thinks so:

"Thy heart is like a frozen lake
On whose cold brink I stand;
Oh! buckle on my spirit's skate,
And take me by the hand;
And lead, thou living saint, the way
To where the ice is thin,
That it may break beneath my feet
And let a lover in."

DITTIES.

What was Eve's first song?—A new-ditty. What are foolish songs?—Stupid-ditty and absurd-ditty. What should be the "lay" of the hen?—Fecund-ditty. What is a miser's love song?—Cupid-ditty. What is a sailor's song?—A quid-ditty. What is a sour song?—An acid-ditty. What is a strange song?—An odd-ditty.

TABLE OF CONTENTS—The dinner-table.

AN ARTLESS LOVER.

I know I'm "horrid ugly," Jane,
You scarcely need have stated
That interesting fact again,
Because it's antiquated.
And—putting flatt'ry on the shelf—
I tell you, Jane, sincerely,
I think you're pretty plain yourself,
Although I love you dearly!

Your nose is not the kind of nose
To satisfy a painter;
Your locks are like the red, red rose,
Or just a little fainter.
Upon your cheek the glow of youth
Shines beet-root-colored nearly;
(I'm bound, you know, to tell the truth,
Although I love you dearly!)

It's needless to possess two eyes
Without the least connection;
Where each inquiring optic tries
A contrary direction.
It's very much more useful, though,
Than ornamental, clearly;
I'm sorry that you squint, you know,
Although I love you dearly.

I think I've said enough to prove
You're not a perfect Venus
(And quite sufficient to remove
Unpleasant thoughts between us);
So, when you criticise again
My visage too severely,
You'll catch it, I can tell you, Jane,
Although I love you dearly.

"Look here, Squire, where was yeou born?" said a persistent Yankee to a five-minutes' acquaintance.

"I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont Street, No. 44, left hand side, on the 1st day of August, 1820, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin."

Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said:

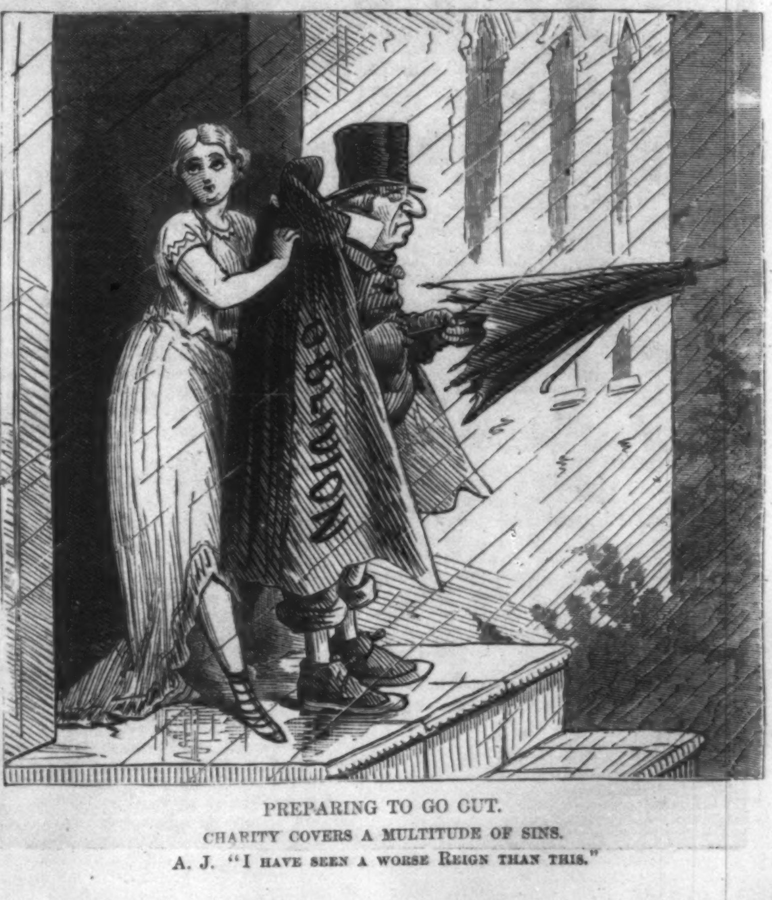
"Yeas; wa'al, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?"

"How much cider did you make this year?" inquired one farmer of another, who had offered a specimen for trial.

"Fifteen barrels," was the answer.

Another sip.

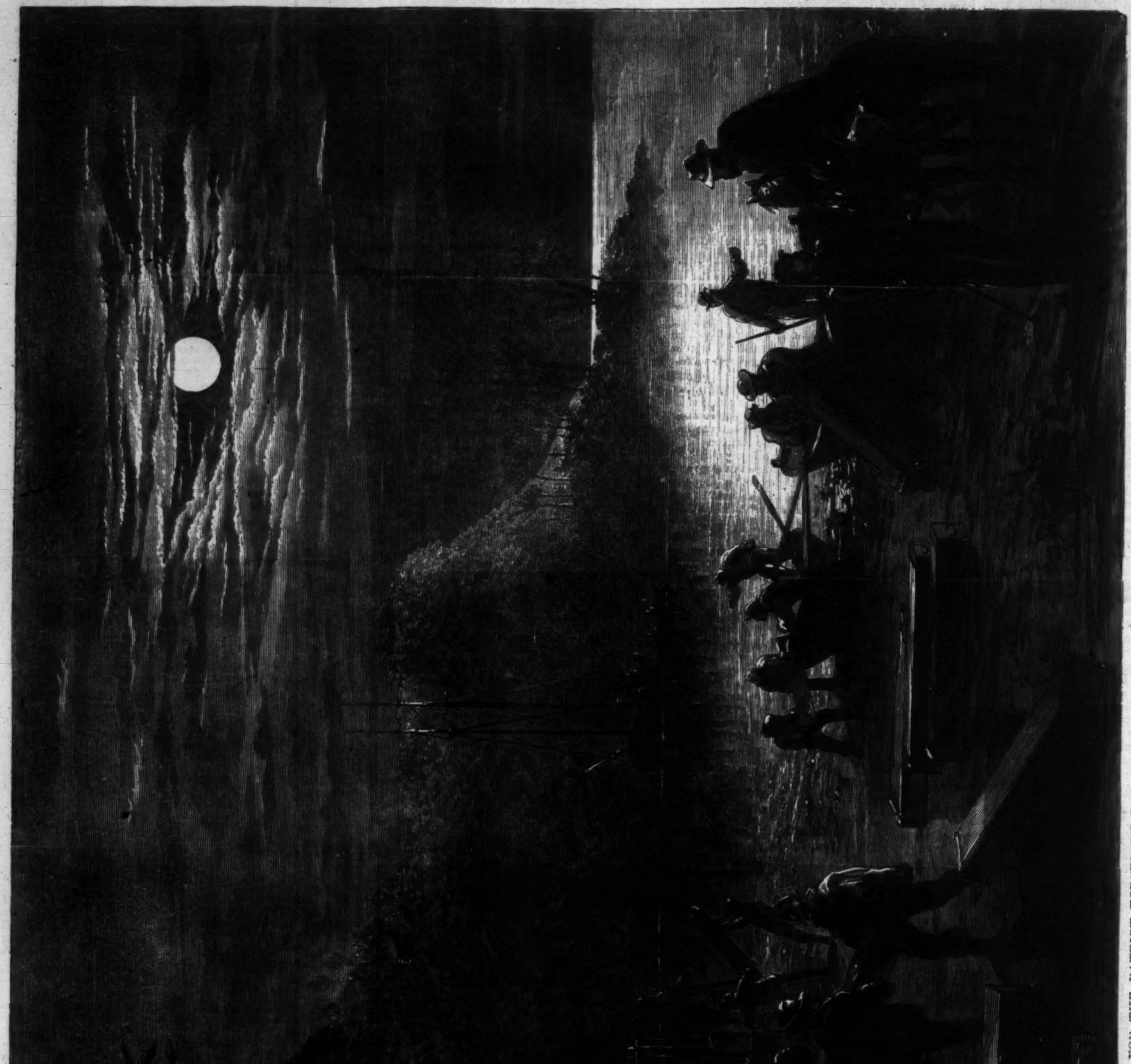
"Well, if you had another apple, you might have made another barrel."



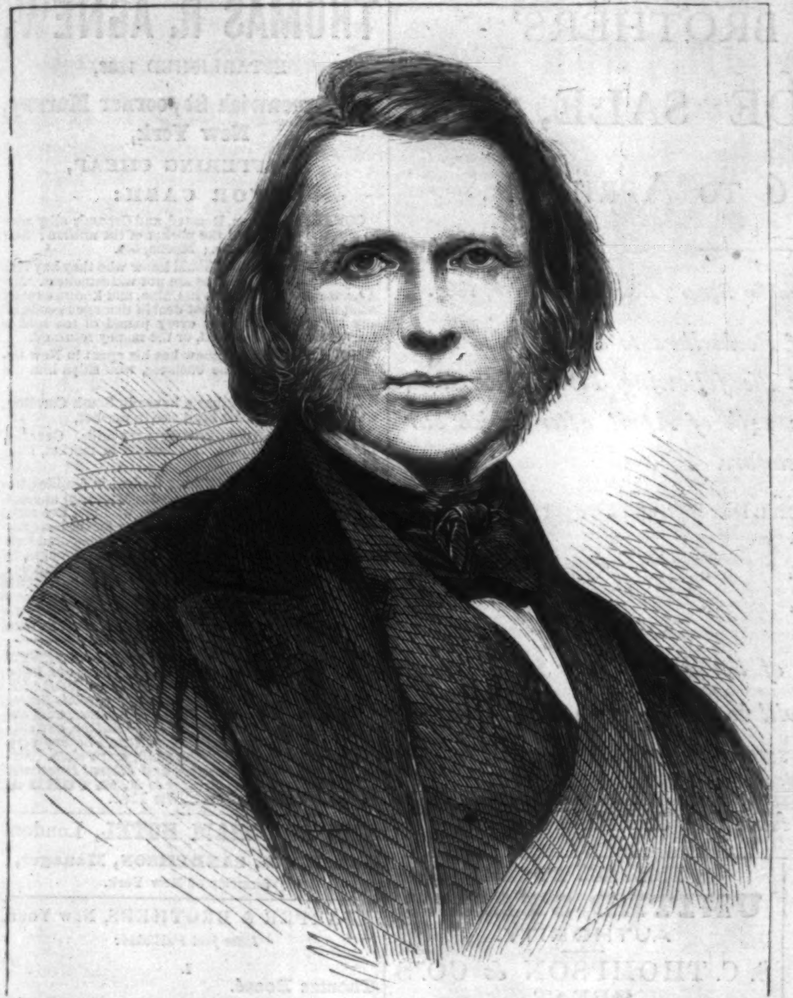
PREPARING TO GO OUT.

CHARITY COVERS A MULTITUDE OF SINS.

A. J. "I HAVE SEEN A WORSE REIGN THAN THIS."



LANDING ARMS FOR THE PATRIOT FORCES ON THE COAST OF CUBA.—[See Page 171.]



JOHN RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ.

Mr. John Ruskin, the well-known art-critic, is the son of a city merchant, and was born in London in February, 1819. Having been educated as a gentleman-commoner at Christ Church, Oxford, he gained the Newdigate prize for poetry in 1839, but subsequently devoted himself to the cultivation of the pictorial art, which he practiced with success under Copley Fielding and J. D. Harding. A pamphlet in defense of Turner and the modern English school of landscape painting was his first effort in the cause of modern art, and this brochure eventually swelled to a standard work entitled "Modern Painters," the first volume of which appeared in 1843. The author's success as a writer on art was decided by the warm reception the public accorded to this volume, of which several editions have since been called for. Mr. Ruskin's views, however, were combated with bitter asperity by some of the art-critics of the day, who resented with an affectation of contempt his free expression of dissent from the trammels of their school. In his second volume of "Modern Painters," written after a residence in Italy, and published in 1846, he took a much wider survey of the subject originally entered upon, including the works of the great Italian painters, and discussing at length the merits of their respective schools. This, his chief work, has been since completed by the publication of three more volumes, the last of which contains illustrations by himself. Mr. Ruskin temporarily diverted his attention from the study of painting to that of architecture, giving, in 1849, "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" as a first result—a work followed, in 1851, by the first volume of "The Stones of Venice," the second and third volumes of which appeared in 1853. The illustrations in these last-named productions, which also excited some of the same professional hostility that his first publication met with, displayed to much advantage his artistic powers. Mr. Ruskin has also expounded his views both in lectures and the pages of newspapers and reviews. In 1851 he advocated pre-Raphaelism in letters to the London *Times*; he lectured in Edinburgh on Gothic architecture in 1853, having previously (in 1847) contributed articles to the *Quarterly* on Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art." Topics of the hour likewise occupied his pen from time to time: one on the "Construction of Sheepfolds" (the Discipline of the Church) appearing in 1851; another on the "Opening of the Crystal Palace," in 1854; and in 1855 "Notes on the Academy Exhibition" of that and the following year. A notice of "Giotto and his Works" is also from Mr. Ruskin's pen, having been written for the Arundel Society, of which he is a member. In addition to the above-mentioned works, he wrote for the *Cornhill Magazine* four essays on the relations of employers and employed, under the title of "Unto this Last" (reprinted in 1862). He has also published "The King of the Golden River," illustrated by Doyle; various separate lectures on art subjects; in 1861 a selection from his own writings; and in May, 1865, "Kings' Treasuries and Queens' Gardens." Mr. Ruskin has since contributed a series of essays to the pages of the *Art Journal*, entitled "The Cestus of Aglaia," and has also occasionally written on questions connected with political economy. His latest public appearance was at the Royal Institution in London, to the members of which he delivered a most interesting lecture on the "Flamboyant Architecture of the Valley of the Somme." This lecture was marked by all the elegance and fine judgment which ever characterize Mr. Ruskin's deliverances on matters of art and taste.

THE MEMORIAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON.

The dedication of the Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington took place on the 28th of February, and awakened the profoundest interest in the religious community. The services were announced to commence at the usual hour for morning worship; but as early as 9 o'clock there was assembled about the doors a crowd large enough to fill the body of the church.

General Grant and Mrs. Grant, accompanied by their family and Mrs. Grant's father, arrived just as Bishop Simpson commenced his sermon. Speaker Colfax and Mrs. Colfax had previously arrived, as had also Chief Justice Chase, accompanied by Senator and Mrs. Sprague. Among other distinguished gentlemen present were Senators Cragin, Trumbull, Cole, Doolittle, Patterson of New Hampshire, Hendricks, Wilson, and others; Representatives Dawes, Judd, Churchill, Humphrey, Washburn of Massachusetts, Cornell, Fields, Cole, and many others. All these gentlemen were accompanied by ladies of their households.

Bishop Simpson opened the dedicatory services by reading an appropriate selection from the discipline. Then the choir, composed of the best amateur performers selected from the various choirs of the city, sang the hymn, "Before Jehovah's awful throne," the whole audience joining in the hymn. A prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, followed by readings from the Scriptures by the Rev. Dr. Kynett and Rev. Alfred Cookman. An anthem was then chanted, after which the Rev. Bishop Simpson delivered an eloquent and impressive discourse.

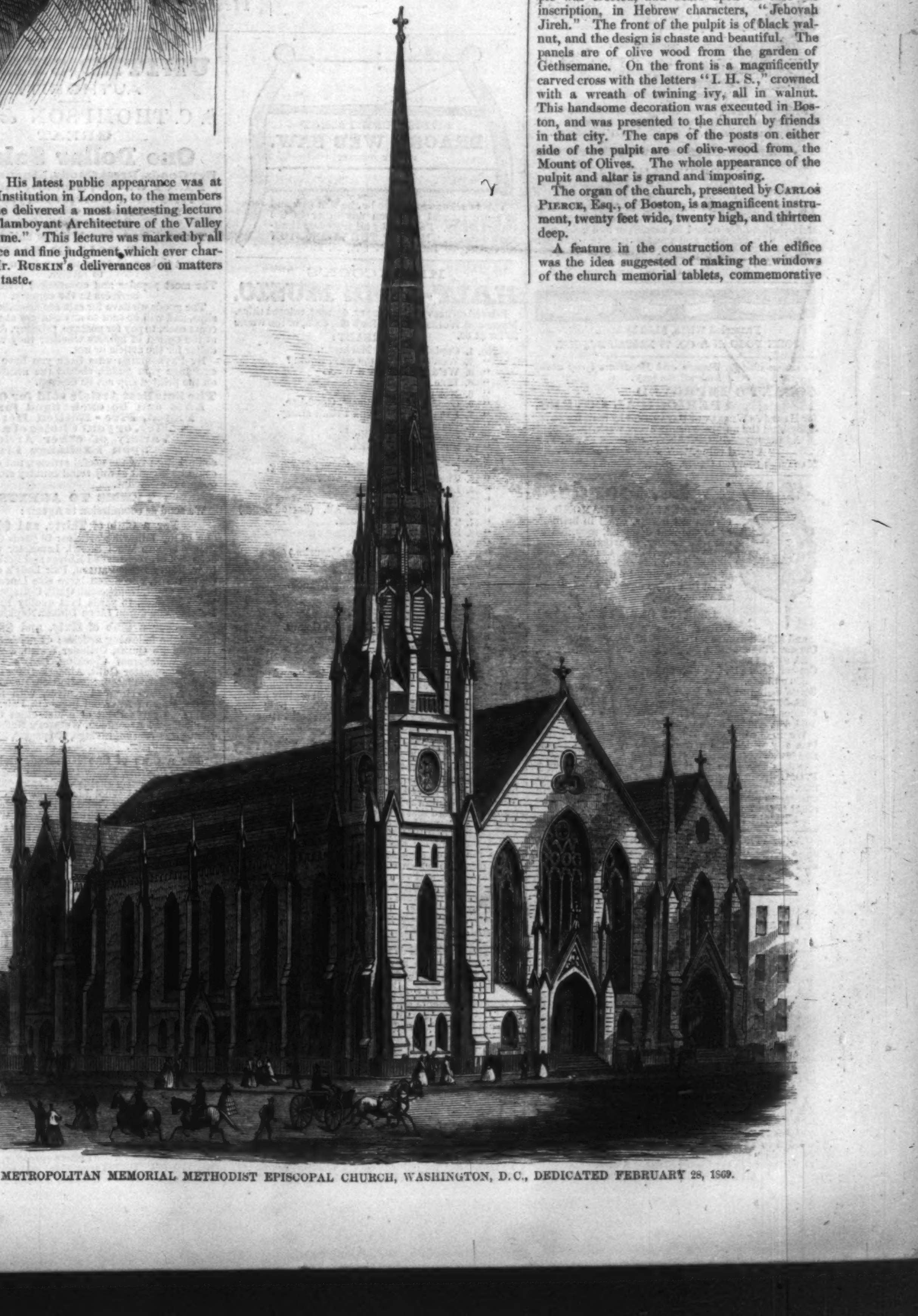
As announced by the Rev. Dr. De Haas at the close of the reunion, there still remained a debt of $35,000. The sum of $10,000 was raised on the spot by subscription. Mr. Oliver Hoyt, of Connecticut, and Hon. Thomas Cornell, of New York, each gave $1000. Mr. Archer, of New York, gave $500, and, among a number of subscribers for $100, we notice the name of Vice-President Colfax. The exercises were then closed, in the manner appointed by the book of discipline.

The audience on this occasion numbered at least 2000 persons, and hundreds were unable to secure an entrance. In the afternoon an eloquent extempore discourse was delivered by the distinguished English divine, Rev. W. Morley Punshon; and another collection added $2500 to the sum contributed in the morning. Of this Senator Cattell contributed $500, and Senator Harlan $100.

We give an illustration of the church on this page. Its design is pure Gothic. It is built of brown stone, rough hewed. The building fronts 75 feet on C Street and 115 feet on Four-and-a-Half Street. It is about fifty feet in height. At the northeast corner of the structure is to be constructed a tower and spire, the utmost point of which will be 240 feet from the pavement. The main front of the church is from C Street, there being three large entrance ways, approached by brown-stone steps. The main audience-room, 85 feet deep by 75 feet wide, is by far the handsomest and most elaborate of the many fine churches in Washington. The ceiling is about 20 feet high, the Gothic style of architecture being faithfully observed. Six heavy columns rise on either side, affording a support to galleries 12 feet 3 inches in width, extending around three sides of the room. These columns are heavily capped, and over these caps are arranged gas jets sixteen to each cap, which at night brilliantly illuminate the room. At the south end of the room the pulpit has been located in an alcove. The wall in the rear of the pulpit is beautifully frescoed, and on either side is a panel, on one of which is inscribed the Ten Commandments, and upon the other the Lord's Prayer. The keystone of the arch above the pulpit is made of the stone from which Solomon's temple was erected, and bears upon its face the inscription, in Hebrew characters, "Jehovah Jireh." The front of the pulpit is of black walnut, and the design is chaste and beautiful. The panels are of olive wood from the garden of Gethsemane. On the front is a magnificently carved cross with the letters "I. H. S.," crowned with a wreath of twining ivy, all in walnut. This handsome decoration was executed in Boston, and was presented to the church by friends in that city. The caps of the posts on either side of the pulpit are of olive-wood from the Mount of Olives. The whole appearance of the pulpit and altar is grand and imposing.

The organ of the church, presented by Carlos Pierce, Esq., of Boston, is a magnificent instrument, twenty feet wide, twenty high, and thirteen deep.

A feature in the construction of the edifice was the idea suggested of making the windows of the church memorial tablets, commemorative



METROPOLITAN MEMORIAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D.C., DEDICATED FEBRUARY 28, 1869.

of men and incidents prominent in the history of the Methodist Church. There are sixteen of these windows in the main audience-room; each contains a design connected with the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with some appropriate motto. The names of the great worthies of the Church, and the characteristic features and events of its history, are thus emblazoned, with their lesson set forth and enforced in the inscriptions. The first window has for its design the death of WESLEY; another has the representation of an itinerant minister on horseback, with the motto, "The world is my parish."

As this is a national church, there has been set apart one pew for each State and Territory in the Union, and one for the President and his Cabinet officers.

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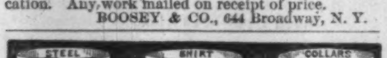

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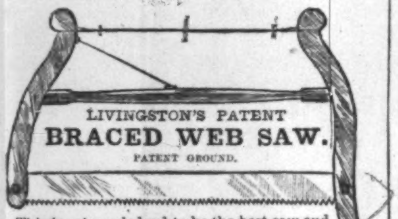
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